MAC

Saturday Review

JUNE 13, 1959 / 25¢

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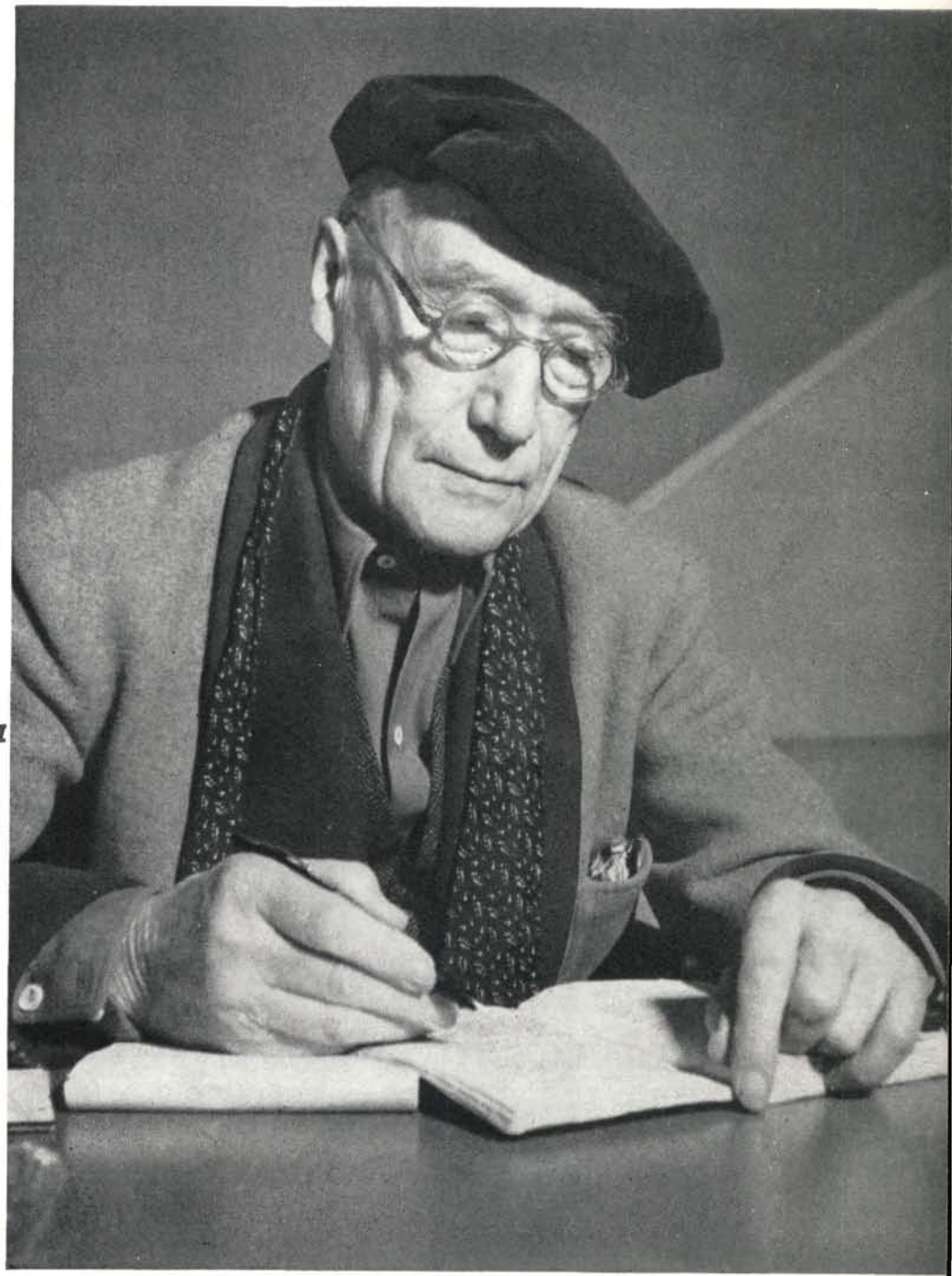

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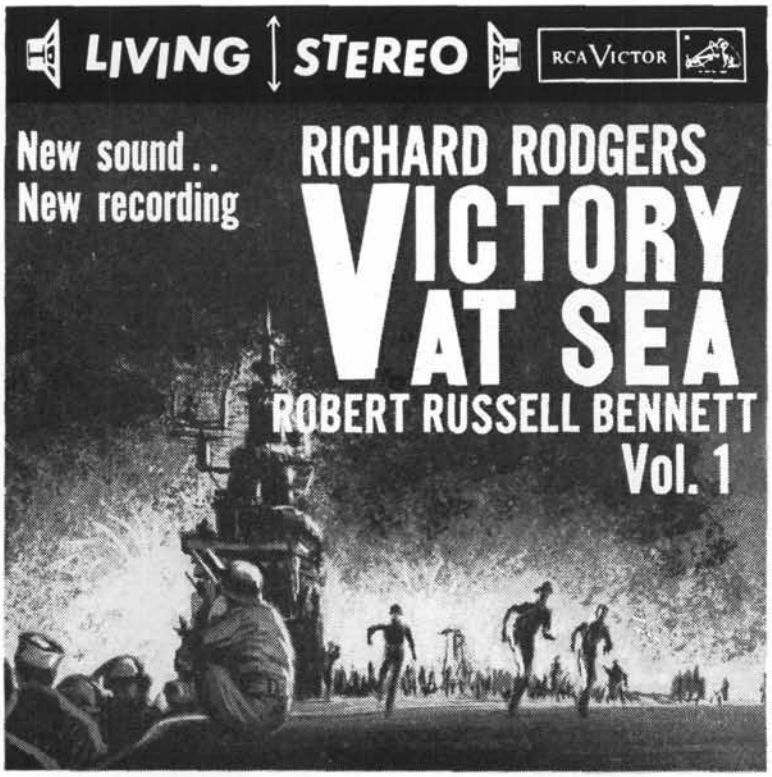

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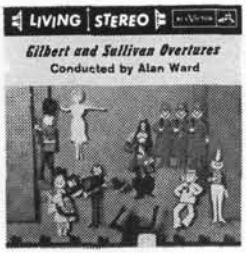

Spirited overtures to *The Mikado, H.M.S. Pinafore, Iolanthe,* 3 other favorites.

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(Advertisement)

Sometimes I think that the men of science and religion have all the fun.

Raphael Patai, for example. An anthropologist with a strong interest in religious matters, he sets out in his new book, "Sex and Family in the Bible," to compare life in the present day Middle East with that of Biblical times. His purpose is to make the Bible even more meaningful. The result is an endlessly fascinating book of revelations.

If you think you're outgrowing your present house, consider the family group in, say, Saudi Arabia. There, the family is the father, mother, daughters, the sons and *their* families, and slaves. Arabian Togetherness can mean as many as two hundred people. Marriage to cousins is preferred, and a man with several wives must spend time alternately with each. Bride prices range from $6 to $100 but here and there they are as low as $4. Some attempts have been made to fix prices, although, as in other countries, without much success.

In Persia, a man does not see his wife until after their first hours together, spent in a darkened chamber. All a Muslim has to do for a divorce is to say "Thou art dismissed."

For those who read dictionaries (unabridged), the Middle Eastern family is endogamous, patrilineal, patriarchal, patrilocal, extended and polygynous.

Patai is right; sex and family life are the most meaningful customs to relate one culture to another. One custom we might borrow: Arabs lie about their age—so as to seem older.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Sex and Family in the Bible" ($3.95), by Raphael Patai is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your favorite bookseller or from any of the Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 921 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Saturday Review

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The woman who reads dictionaries

©PETER BASCH

PHYLLIS McGINLEY, one of America's favorite writers of verse (including *The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley*) says:

"I BELONG to a family that tries to keep a dictionary in each room of the house, including, and especially, the dining room — since it is at dinner we most frequently discuss words and their fascinating uses, meanings and origins. *Webster's New World Dictionary* is a joy to own and it now occupies a place of honor near the buffet. What chiefly delights us about it is the fact that we can treat it almost like an encyclopedia. The definitions are succinct and informative. With this new book at hand, I have hopes of holding my own with my pair of daughters."

The word Webster *alone* is no guarantee of excellence. Don't be misled! Make sure you get "the experts' dictionary"— ask for a WORLD Webster.

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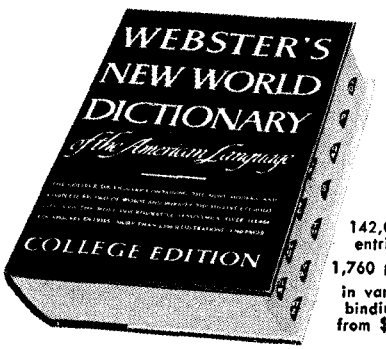

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by Walter Clemons "Cheers! . . . the best reading I've come across for ages. Clemons can write!" — *Houston Press.* "I think him a . . . superb writer; it rejoices my heart as always to see another brave new talent come forward." — *Katherine Anne Porter.* $3.50

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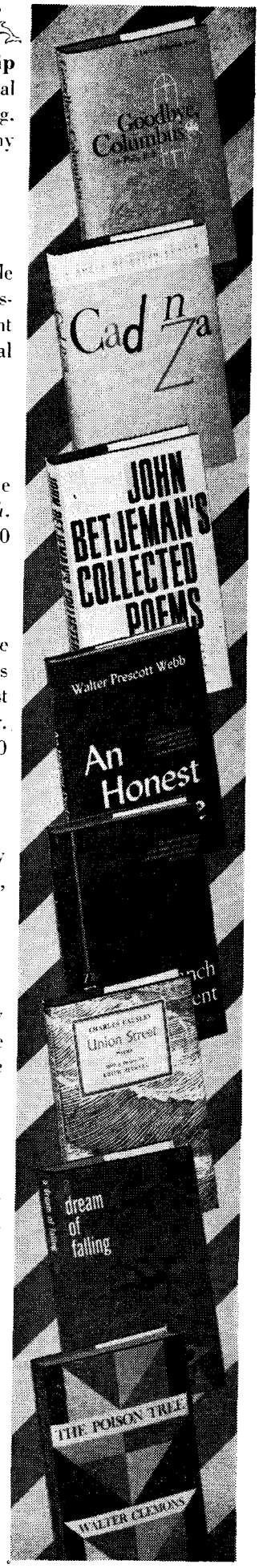

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TRADE Winds

IF THERE WERE to be a vote for the most beautiful author of the year, the ballot from this corner would go to Miss June Havoc, author of the most unusual autobiography, "Early Havoc." But aside from all that, the lady can *write*.

Her controlled and lethal portrait of the brutal slice of the late Twenties and early Thirties known as the dance marathon creates one of the most harrowing sequences of modern literature. You wonder, on reading it, just how Miss Havoc manages to remain jointed and composed today—which she most certainly does.

Dorothy Parker, who has never been known to toss out accolades lightly, says of the book: "A serious and clearly written and important slice of Americana. An honest and honorable writer." John Gunther uses the phrase, "funny and outrageous." Gilbert Seldes refers to Miss Havoc's "personal and magical property," while Paul Gallico doubts if anyone has "ever more superbly or more cruelly evoked an era."

ON THE OUTSIDE terrace of the English Grille, Miss Havoc was generously sharing a few tea-time sandwiches with some guest pigeons from the Rockefeller Center set.

"I honestly think," she said, "that I would have killed myself if the notices of the book had been bad. Literally. It took me five years to write the book, two of which were spent in retyping it. The manuscript seemed to weigh about a ton.

"I had written it backstage, in night-club dressing rooms, on trains and planes. I didn't get panicky until Simon and Schuster accepted the book, and then I was frightened to death."

Now that her fright is no longer valid, she is filled with joy and fulfillment born out of her early sorrow and hardship.

"I am enjoying life ever so much now, though it hasn't always been that way," she said. "I've always loved being accepted as a serious member of the show-business community. To have had such a good acceptance by the writing world is almost more than I could ask. As you know, my formal education has been just about as skimpy as you could make it—but I've got a direct pipeline to the educational world right now: Smith College is getting the

original manuscript of my book, and I'm sure it weighs as much as a college senior."

MISS HAVOC LIVES in an attractive town house in Manhattan, which she redesigned and created herself, down to—or rather up to—a dramatically striking spiral iron staircase that could have sprung full-born from a lighthouse. She has had as many as nine portable dogs, as she calls them, at one time.

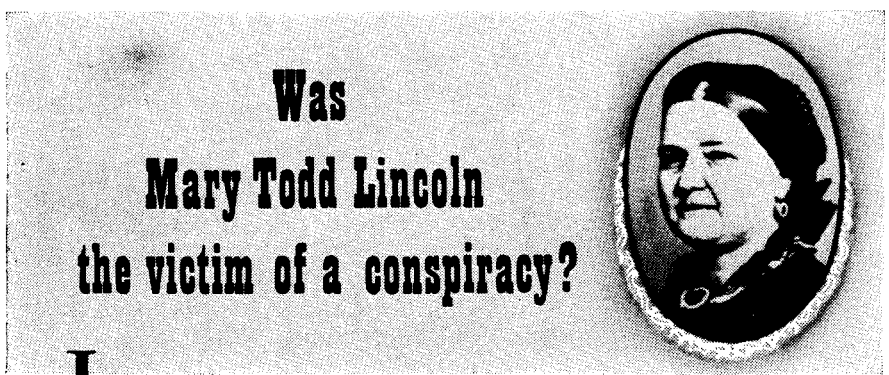
"The father dog is a Yorkshire terrier who married all sorts of women," she said. "One of these ladies happened to be a Chihuahua, and I love every one of the dubious results. I call them Yorkihuahuas."

Her love of animals and birds is anything but superficial. She found a sick and shabby pigeon at one time, nursed him back to health, released him, then immediately tracked him down to save him again from a snow storm, which suddenly blew up out of nowhere. She has received more awards from various animal societies than you could shake a cocker spaniel at, including the Fido Award from the ASPCA.

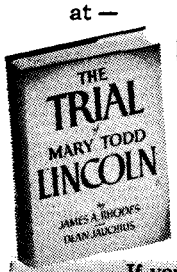
She is already at work on her next book, with the working title "More Havoc."

"I've got about fifty pages done," she said. "Just enough to get me mad. It's moving well, and I've read it to my agent, Sterling Lord, who likes it. I think you work better when you're hungry and mad. I'm not exactly that now, but I get myself in that kind of a mood."

THE LAST OF THE tea sandwiches had been shared with the pigeons, with the pigeons getting the lion's share—to mix animals and metaphors. Three



IN MAY 1875 President Lincoln's widow was adjudged insane and committed to an institution. The following year, a second sanity hearing declared her competent to manage her own affairs. Now, a study of the trial proceedings has convinced two writers that Mary Todd Lincoln was the victim of a political plot. In a dramatic reconstruction of the trial as it *might have been*, they put on the record some hidden facts of history. Incredible? Possible? We may never really know — but there is fascinating speculation which is stirring a furor among Lincoln scholars and lively controversy among readers who sit in with the jury at —



The TRIAL of MARY TODD LINCOLN

By James A. Rhodes and Dean Jauchius

"An interesting presentation of a seldom-cited incident in our nation's history."—*Chicago Tribune*

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autograph hunters worked their way gingerly through the pigeons, and a moment later a young man with a sports jacket stopped by to say hello. It was Liberace, on his way to London.

This latter activity was connected directly with Miss Havoc of the theatre and film world, which she loves.

But it's doubtful if it pleases her as much as her role as a writer—which she now most unmistakably is.

FROM A SPANKING NEW author like June Havoc to a seasoned veteran writer like Max Eastman is not as great a jump as it might seem to be.

Both have an insatiable curiosity about life. Both have a vitality and energy, which dominates their actions. Both have intensity and personal magnetism, reflected in their writing.

Eastman's new book, "Great Companions," is far more interesting than the over emphasized chapter in it concerning his squabble with Ernest Hemingway.

At lunch at the Algonquin, he recalled his early days in the Congregational parsonage in Canandaigua, New York, where both his parents were ministers. And while Mr. Eastman no longer is attached to any formal religion, he was interested in the subject of humor-in-religion, as discussed in this column some weeks ago.

"Religion, in whatever form," he said, "is consolation for the pain of life. Humor is the instinct for taking pain playfully. They both are inseparable."

IN NEW YORK TO receive the 1959 Award of Merit for the Novel was Aldous Huxley. Seated in the living

room of Harper's Cass Canfield, he showed in person none of the caustic facets of his humor that characterize much of his prose. Gracious and communicative, he had just returned from a trip to Brazil, where he had been fascinated by much of its political history.

"They have had the most extraordinary penchant down there to accomplish over the centuries a series of the most pleasant and bloodless

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

This is the last column of my fifth year of writing for Philip Morris and Marlboro. I have made it a custom in the last column of each year not to be funny. I know I have also realized this aim in many other columns during the year, but that was not for lack of trying. Today I am not trying. I am not trying for two reasons: First, because you are getting ready for final exams and in your present state of shock, nothing in the world could possibly make you laugh. And second, this final column of the year is for many of us a leave-taking, and good-byes always make me too misty to be funny.

For me the year ends neither with a bang nor a whimper, but with a glow—a warm, pleasant, mellow glow—the kind of glow you will find, for example, at the end of a Philip Morris or Marlboro.

It has been in every way a gratifying experience, my five years with the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, and I would like to take this opportunity to extend my heartfelt appreciation to these good tobacconists, to assure them that the memory of their kindness will remain ever green in my heart, and to remind them that they still owe me for the last three columns.

And in these waning days of the school year, let me address myself seriously to you, my readers. Have I trod on any toes this year? Ruffled any feelings? Jostled any sensibilities? If so, I am sorry.

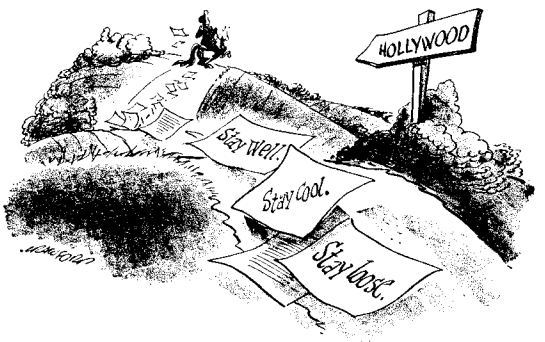
Have I occasioned any laughs? Chuckles? Sniggers? Mona Lisa smiles? If so, I'm glad.

Have I persuaded any of you to try Philip Morris and Marlboro? To taste that fine flavor? To smoke that excellent tobacco? If so, *you* are glad.

And now the long, lazy summer lies ahead. But for me summer is never lazy. It is, in fact, the busiest time of year. Two summers ago, for instance, I was out ringing doorbells every single day, morning, noon, and night. There was a contest, you see, and the kid in my neighborhood who sold the most bluing won a pony. I am proud to report that I was the lucky winner.

Last summer I was also out ringing doorbells every single day, morning, noon, and night. I was trying to sell the pony.

This summer I am not going to be out ringing doorbells. I am going to saddle the pony and ride to Hollywood, California. What am I going to do in Hollywood, California? I am going to write a series of half-hour television comedies called THE MANY LOVES OF DOBIE GILLIS, and starting in October, 1959, your friends and mine, the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, are going to



bring you this program over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Tuesday night at 8:30. Why don't you speak to your housemother and ask her if she'll let you stay up to see it?

And now good-bye. For me it's been kicks all the way, and I hope for you it hasn't been altogether unbearable. Have a good summer. Stay well. Stay cool. Stay loose.

© 1959, Max Shulman

* * *

For us, the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, it's been kicks too, and we would like to echo kindly old Max's parting words: Stay well. Stay cool. Stay loose.

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We must serve well to prosper
We must prosper to serve well

UNDER THE SEAS AND INTO THE SKIES are two great advances in communications. Submarine cables enable you to telephone overseas as clearly as across town. Far up in outer space, U. S. satellites derive their radio voices from the Transistor, the mighty mite of electronics invented at Bell Telephone Laboratories. It is through such pioneering that the Bell System keeps opening new fields to make your service ever broader and better. (Solid lines show present underseas cables. Heavy dotted line is new cable now being laid to Europe.)

The function of the telephone business is to serve the public and serve it well.

It works two ways. We must serve well to prosper. And just as surely we must prosper to serve well.

This doesn't mean for six months or a year or a couple of years but on a continuing basis. For the telephone business, more than almost any other, is a long-term business. Always we must keep building ahead to handle the needs of the country.

Those needs are growing every day. Just the gain in population alone gives some idea of their size.

By 1970 there will be 40,000,000 more people in the United States. More and more communications service and services will be required by people, industry and defense.

Such progress can come only if there is reasonable freedom for business and the encouragement to go full steam ahead that comes from good earnings. The benefits are widespread.

There is ever-increasing evidence that good earnings for the telephone company, with all that they mean in research, jobs and purchasing, are an important factor in the over-all economy of the country as well as in the best interests of telephone users.

If earnings are less than the needs of the task, and all energies and judgment must be devoted to meeting the pressing needs of the moment, it becomes impossible to do the best job.

There is, indeed, no basis for the idea that the sure way to low telephone rates is to keep the company's earnings as low as possible.

Such a philosophy, by limiting research, efficiencies and the economies of long-term building, would lead almost precisely to the opposite result . . . poorer service at a higher price than you would otherwise have to pay.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

revolutions known to mankind. Nobody got hurt—and everybody seemed to make up right afterward in the jolliest sort of a way.

"It's too bad that the world hasn't followed this sort of pattern."

It could be, in fact, a sort of brave new world, where the bravery applied to intelligence rather than bravado.

IN "BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED," Huxley touches on subliminal perception, where tachistoscope phrases are flashed on the screen during the show itself, to urge the viewer to "Drink Coca-Cola" or "Light Up a Camel."

But we would like to add a very specific suggestion at this time, which might solve some acute questions about commercials. We might suggest that certain copywriters of certain products be brought directly to trial for perjury, rather than fooling around with mild restraints and wrist-slapping by the FCC.

We have in mind one specific commercial which claims that the soap involved is totally free of harmful deodorants, harmful greases, harmful perfumes, harmful lather—in fact, everything but harmful soap itself. In contrast to this, other soaps claim their deodorants as unsurpassed, their greases as good for the skin, their lather as luxuriant as you could ever dream about.

The FCC should darn well decide that one or more of these claimants is lying. There is no other choice.

A perjury trial would get the whole mess settled quickly, and we could all go back to the day when the innocuous but empty phrase about 99 per cent purity was the most extravagant thing you could say—and remain dignified.

IN CONTRAST TO June Havoc's warm regard for the animal kingdom is W. C. Fields's famous thumbnail appraisal of a friend of his.

"Anyone," said Fields, "anyone who hates dogs and children the way he does can't possibly be *all* bad."

—JOHN FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1315)

MARY MIAN:
YOUNG MEN SEE VISIONS

To most ladies of New England in the nineteenth century, Sunday was the high point, with a view, toward which one traveled along the rough and the smooth of weekday roads. Saturday afternoon, the climb nearly done, one paused, chatted, and picked flowers.

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WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE AUTHORITY?

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C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON. The author of "Parkinson's Law" and "The Evolution of Political Thought." Raffles Professor at the University of Malaya. Noted for his ability to wield a verbal scalpel. An artist, ex-soldier, and lecturer whose writings stimulate original thinking. Leading the discussions and challenging Professor Parkinson's theories is **Julian H. Franklin,** department of law and government, Columbia University.

ASHLEY MONTAGU. One of America's great contemporary thinkers in the fields of anthropology and social biology. Among his many books are two recent best-sellers: "The Cultured Man" and "Man: His First Million Years." He drafted the UNESCO statement on race. A brilliant lecturer popular alike with the public, with scholars and professional groups. Providing the conversational counterpoint is **Virgilia Peterson,** formerly of "Author Meets the Critic" program. New York Times reviewer.

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CHARLES FRANKEL. Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University and host for the outstanding CBS television program, "The World of Ideas." Author and editor of several books, including "The Case for Modern Man." Exchange professor at University of Paris; Donnellan lecturer at Trinity College, Dublin. Chairman, Committee on Professional Ethics, American Association of University Professors. His colleague in the discussions is **John Fischer,** editor-in-chief of *Harper's.*

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Saturday Review
JUNE 13, 1959

THE LAST DAYS OF OSCAR WILDE

The following essay by André Gide, herewith published for the first time in this country, was written in memoriam to Oscar Wilde, who died in 1900. Gide wrote the essay in December of 1901; SR *is pleased to be able to preview this essay in English from a collection to be published this fall. ("Pretexts," a Greenwich Edition, Meridian Books.) Gide met Wilde in 1891. At the time, Wilde was a flourishing success at the age of thirty-five; Gide was a youth of twenty-two. For the next nine years, Gide saw and talked with Wilde sporadically, and was the unwilling observer of the final disintegration of Wilde. The following article was adapted from the translation by Jeffrey J. Carre. Wallace Fowlie's review of Gide's final book, "So Be It or The Chips Are Down," appears on page 57.*

By ANDRÉ GIDE

THE TRAGIC memories of Oscar Wilde began with a persistent report, growing with the news of his success (in London he was being played simultaneously in three theatres), attributing unnatural habits to Wilde, about which some deigned to be smilingly indignant and others unperturbed; it was said also that he made no secret of his habits and often flaunted them, some said courageously, others cynically, others affectedly. I listened, amazed, to this report. Nothing, in the time I had known Wilde, had ever made me suspect anything. But already, prudently, a number of old friends were deserting him. They did not yet reject him outright, but they no longer made a point of having encountered him.

An extraordinary coincidence joined our paths once more. It was in January, 1895. I was traveling; a black mood drove me to it, and the pursuit of solitude more than the novelty of places. The weather was abominable; I had fled from Algiers to Blida; I was about to leave Blida for Biskra. On the point of leaving the hotel, out of idle curiosity, I looked at the blackboard where the travelers' names were written. What did I see? Beside my name, touching it, was Wilde's. I have said that I was avid for solitude; I took the sponge and wiped out my name.

Before I reached the station, I was no longer wholly certain that a touch of cowardice was not hidden in this act; at once turning back, I had my valise taken up to my room and wrote my name back up on the board.

In the three years since I had last seen him (for I cannot count a brief encounter in Florence, the year before), Wilde had certainly changed. There was something less soft in his glance, something hoarse in his laughter and violent in his joy. He seemed at once more sure of pleasing and less intent on doing so; he was emboldened, strengthened, heightened. It is strange, but he no longer spoke in apologues; during the few days that I remained with him, I could not get the slightest story from him.

I expressed my surprise first at finding him in Algeria. "Oh," he told me, "it's because I am now fleeing from the work of art. Now I want to adore only the sun. . . . Have you noticed that the sun detests thought? It drives it ever back, into the shadows. Thought once inhabited Egypt; the sun conquered Egypt. It lived long in Greece, and the sun conquered Greece; next came Italy and then France. Now all of thought is driven back to Norway and Russia, lands never reached by the sun. The sun is jealous of the work of art."

To adore the sun was to adore life. The lyrical adoration of Wilde was becoming fierce and terrible. A fatality was leading him; he could not and would not break with it. He seemed to put all his care, his virtue, into exaggerating his destiny and exasperating himself. He went toward pleasure as a man goes to his duty. "It is my duty to amuse myself terribly," he would say. Nietzsche came as less of a surprise to me later, because I had heard Wilde say: "Not happiness. Pleasure. One must always desire what is most tragic."

He would walk through the streets of Algiers, preceded, accompanied, followed by an extraordinary band of ruffians; he would talk with each one; he would look joyously at them

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all and scatter his money to them.

"I hope I have thoroughly demoralized this city," he would say to me.

I thought of Flaubert's remark when asked to what kind of fame he aspired: "That of demoralizer," he answered.

I stood astonished, admiring, and fearful before that. I knew about his situation imperiled, the hostilities, the attacks, and the somber uneasiness he hid beneath his bold joy. He spoke of returning to London; the Marquis of Q. was insulting him, summoning him, accusing him of running away.

"But if you go back, what will come of it?" I asked him. "Don't you know the risk you are taking?"

"One must never know that. . . . My friends are extraordinary; they advise me to be prudent. Prudence! Is prudence possible for me? That would mean turning back on myself. I must go as far as possible. I cannot go further. . . . Something has to happen, something else. . . ."

Wilde took a boat back the following day.

The rest of the story is familiar. This "something else" was "hard labor."

As soon as he was released from prison, Oscar Wilde returned to France. In Berneval, a quiet little village in the neighborhood of Dieppe, a certain Sebastian Melmoth took up residence; it was Wilde. As I had been the last of his French friends to see him, I wished to be the first to see him again. As soon as I found out his address, I hurried there.

I arrived toward the middle of the day. I had not announced my arrival. Melmoth, whom the hospitality of T. called rather often to Dieppe, was expected only that evening. It was the middle of the night before he arrived.

It was still almost winter. It was cold, nasty weather. All day I wandered over the deserted beach, dismayed and bored. How could Wilde have chosen to live in Berneval? It was lugubrious.

Night came. I returned to engage a room at the hotel where Melmoth was staying—the only one in town. The hotel, clean, pleasantly situated, sheltered only a few nondescript beings, inoffensive background figures with whom I had to dine. A poor society for Melmoth!

Fortunately I had a book with me. A lugubrious evening! Eleven o'clock . . . I was about to abandon my vigil when I heard the wheels of a carriage. . . . It was M. Melmoth.

M. Melmoth was chilled. He had lost his overcoat along the way. A peacock feather which, the evening before, his servant had brought him (dreadful omen) had foretold his bad luck; he was happy that it was no more than that. But he was shivering and the entire hotel bustled about to prepare him a hot toddy. He scarcely acknowledged my presence. Before the others, at least, he would not show his emotion. And mine almost immediately subsided, at finding Sebastian Melmoth quite simply the Oscar Wilde he had once been; not the violent lyricist of Algeria, but the gentle Wilde I had known before the crisis; I found myself carried back not two years, but four or five; it was the same tired look, the same amused laugh, the same voice. . . .

He occupied two rooms, the best in the hotel, and he had had them furnished with taste. There were many books on his table, and he pointed out among them my "Fruits of the Earth," recently published. A pretty Gothic Virgin, on a large pedestal, in the shadows. . . .

We were seated near the lamp with Wilde sipping his toddy. Now that the light was on his face, I noticed that the skin had become red and common; his hands even more so, although wearing the same rings; one that he was particularly fond of bore a lapis-lazuli scarab in a swivelled bezel. His teeth were shockingly decayed.

We talked. I recalled our last meeting in Algiers. I asked him if he remembered that I had then almost predicted the catastrophe.

"You really knew, didn't you," I said, "what was waiting for you in England; you foresaw the danger and threw yourself into it?"

(Here I can do no better than transcribe the pages on which shortly thereafter I noted down all that I could remember of his words.)[1]

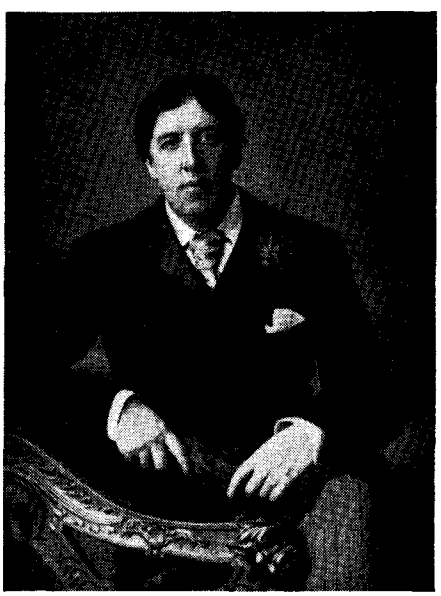
"Oh, of course! Of course I knew that there would be a catastrophe—that one way or another—I was expecting it. It had to end that way. Just think; it was not possible to go further; it could not last. That is why, you understand, it had to come to an end. Prison has changed me completely. I was counting on it for that Bosy [Lord Alfred Douglas] is terrible; he cannot understand that; he cannot understand why I don't take up the same existence; he accuses the others of having changed me. . . . But one must never take up the same existence. . . . My life is like a work of art; an artist never begins the same thing twice over . . . or else it is because he had not been successful. My life before prison was as successful as possible. Now it is over and done with."

He lit a cigarette.

"The public is so terrible, that it never knows a man except by the last thing he has done. If I returned

—*Culver Service.*

1882. Oscar Wilde, on U.S. lecture tour.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

c. 1891. At height of his fame.

—*From "Son of Oscar Wilde" (E. P. Dutton).*

c. 1897. Naples after his prison release.

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to Paris now, they would see in me only the—convict. I do not want to reappear before having written a play. Until then I must be left alone." And he added abruptly: "Didn't I do well to come here? My friends wanted me to go to the south to rest, because, at first, I was very tired. But I asked them to find for me, in the north of France, a very small beach, where I should see no one, where it is cold, where there is never any sun. . . . Oh! Didn't I do well to come to Berneval? [Outside the weather was horrible.]

"Here everyone is very kind to me. Especially the priest. I like the little church so much! Would you believe it—it's called Notre Dame de Liesse! Oh, isn't that charming? And now I know that I shall never leave Berneval, because the priest offered me this morning a permanent seat in the choir.

"And the customs officers! They were so bored here! Then I asked them if they had anything to read; and now I bring them all the novels of Dumas *père*. . . . I do have to stay here!

"And the children! Oh, they adore me! The day of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, I gave a great party—a great dinner—to which I invited forty school children—all of them! All of them! And their teacher! To honor the Queen! Isn't that absolutely charming? . . . You know that I like the Queen very much. I still have her portrait with me." And he showed me, pinned to the wall, Nicholson's caricature.

I STOOD up to look at it; a little bookcase was beside it; I looked at the books for a moment. I wanted to induce Wilde to speak more seriously. I sat down again, and with some trepidation asked him if he had read "The House of the Dead." He did not answer me directly, but began:

"The Russian writers are extraordinary. What makes their books so great is the pity they have put into them. You know, I used to like 'Madame Bovary'; but Flaubert wanted no pity in his work, and that is why it seems petty and closed; pity is the side by which a work is open, by which it seems infinite. . . . Do you know, André, that pity kept me from killing myself? Oh, during the first six months I was terribly unhappy—so unhappy that I wanted to kill myself; but what kept me from doing it was to look at *the others*, to see that they were as unhappy as I, and to have pity. Oh dear! Pity is an admirable thing; and I did not know what it was! [He was speaking almost in a whisper, with no trace of emotion.] Do you realize how admirable a thing pity is? As for myself I thank God each evening—yes, on my knees—I thank God for having revealed it to me. For I entered prison with a heart of stone and thinking only of my pleasure, but now my heart is completely broken; pity has entered my heart; I have now understood that pity is the greatest, the most beautiful thing on earth. . . . That is why I bear no resentment against those who condemned me, or against anyone else, because without them I should not have comprehended all that. Bosy writes me terrible letters; he tells me that he doesn't understand me; that he doesn't understand why I do not resent everyone; that everyone has been hateful to me. . . . No, he does not understand me; he can no longer understand me. But I repeat to him in every letter; we cannot follow the same path; he has his; it is very lovely; I have mine. His is the way of Alcibiades; mine is now that of Saint Francis of Assisi. . . . Do you know Saint Francis? Oh, admirable! Admirable! Do you want to make me very happy? Send me the best life of Saint Francis you know. . . ."

I PROMISED to do so, and he went on:

"Yes, then we had a charming warden, oh, quite charming! But during the first six months, I was terribly unhappy. There was a very bad warden, a Jew, who was very cruel, because he was totally lacking in imagination." This last sentence, said very rapidly, was irresistibly comic; and as I burst out laughing, he laughed too, repeated it, and continued:

"He did not know what to devise to make us suffer: You will see to what a degree he lacked imagination. . . . You must know that in prison they let you out only one hour a day; they walk you in a court, in a circle, in single file, and it is absolutely forbidden to speak to one another. Guards are watching you and there are terrible punishments for anyone who is caught. Those who are in prison for the first time can be recognized because they don't know how to speak without moving their lips. . . . I had been in prison for six weeks, without saying a word to anyone—to anyone at all. One evening we were walking in single file during our hour of exercise, and suddenly, behind me, I heard my name: it was the prisoner behind me saying: 'Oscar Wilde, I pity you, because you must suffer more than we do.' Then I made an enormous effort not to be noticed (I thought I was about to faint) and I said without turning around: 'No, my friend, we all suffer equally.' And from that day on I no longer had any desire to kill myself.

"We talked like that for several days. I learned his name and what he did. His name was P.; he was an excellent fellow; oh, excellent! But I still did not know how to talk without moving my lips, and then one evening: 'C.33! (I was C.33) C.33 and C.48, step out of line!' So we stepped out and the guard said: 'You will appear before the war-rden!' And as pity had already entered my heart, I had absolutely no fear on my account; on the contrary, I was happy to suffer for him. But the warden was really terrible. He sent for P. first; he wanted to question us separately—because I must tell you that the penalty is not the same for the one who talks first as for the one who answers; the penalty for the one who talks first is double that of the other; ordinarily the first has two weeks of solitary confinement, the second only a week; so the warden wanted to know which of us had spoken first. And, naturally, P., who was an excellent fellow, said that it was he. And when, afterward, the warden sent for me, naturally, I said that it was I. Then the warden turned purple, because he was baffled. 'But P. says too that he was the one that started it! I don't understand. . . .'

"Just think, André! He didn't understand! He was very embarrassed. He said: 'But I have already given him two weeks' confinement. . . .' and then he added: 'Well, if that's the way it is, I'm going to give you each two weeks.' Isn't that extraordinary! That man had no imagination at all!" Wilde enjoyed hugely what he was saying; he laughed; he was happy to be telling the story.

"And naturally, after the two weeks were over, we were far more anxious than before to talk to each other. You don't know how comforting that could seem, to feel that we were suffering for each other. As we did not every day occupy the same position, gradually I was able to talk to each of the others; to all of them. All of them! . . . I learned the name of each one, his story, and the date he was to leave prison. . . . And to each I would say: 'When you leave prison, go straightway to the post office; there will be a letter for you with some money! That way I remain in touch with them, because I like them very much. And there are some who are absolutely delightful. Would you believe that three of them have already come to see me here! Isn't that really wonderful?

"The one who replaced the bad

(*Continued on page* 56)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Tales of Three Lands

By Granville Hicks

ALTHOUGH she was born in the United States, Mary Lavin has spent most of her life in Ireland, and it is about Ireland that her novels and tales have been written. Thirteen of her tales, only four of which have previously been published in this country, are included in **"Selected Stories"** (Macmillan, $3.95), and they make it clear that she is indeed an Irish writer. She is not the folksy, whimsical kind of Irish writer, nor is she the kind that goes in for poetic passages, but her work unmistakably grows out of Irish life.

In a brief preface Miss Lavin says that as an author she prefers the short story to the novel.

> I feel [she writes] that it is in the short story that a writer distills the essence of his thought. I believe this because the short story, shape as well as matter, is determined by the writer's own character. Both are one. Short-story writing—for me—is only looking closer than normal into the human heart. The vagaries and contrarieties there to be found have their own integral design.

Miss Lavin speaks of spending most of her time in farming, and it would in any case be clear that she is close to the simple people about whom she writes. She accepts the meagerness of their life, respects their pride, feels their triumphs and their tragedies. Grimness and compassion are her characteristic notes. She looks straight down into the depths of human suffering, as, for example, in "Assigh," with its portrayal of needlessly wasted lives.

Not all the stories are somber. "My Vocation" is humorous, and "The Small Bequest" and "A Wet Day" have a fine sardonic quality. But even in such stories we are not allowed to forget that life is no picnic. A characteristic and excellent story is "A Happy Death," which tells of a woman who is deeply loved by her husband but for whom that love is not enough. She is a woman who has foolishly spoiled two lives, and yet in the end one feels sorry for her, for one sees how much more she has suffered than the man she has persecuted for twenty years. It is this kind of insight into the "vagaries and contrarieties" of the human heart that makes Miss Lavin a distinguished writer.

Miss Lavin has been writing for twenty years or more. Walter Clemons, who is twenty-nine, is at the beginning of his career. He was born in Texas, and most of the stories in **"The Poison Tree"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) are laid in that state, but he is not a regional writer. He is, however, very much a contemporary American writer, and his tales reflect a life that is considerably easier in its material circumstances than that portrayed by Miss Lavin.

Clemons writes mostly about domestic life. Two of the stories deal with children, and one—a very pleasant one called "Merrymakers"—with adolescents. "A Summer Shower" describes the death of an old man, and death is the theme of one of the finest of the stories, "The Common Night." Here, in the experiences of a young man who has come home after two years abroad to find his grandmother dying, we have a close and perceptive study of family relationships. The young man passes from aloofness to a warm involvement, only to recognize in the end that he is alone.

Clemons, among other things, has been a seaman, and two stories grow out of that period in his life. Even these, however, are on the quiet side. The one tale of violence is a kind of legend, "The Dark Roots of the Rose," the story of a woman who married her father's murderer. In telling how the murder came about, how the murderer courted his victim's daughter, how she in turn justified her love for him, and how her brother sought and found revenge, he achieves a vigorous narrative.

Clemons's great strength is the precision with which he renders shades of emotion. Whether he is writing about a little boy's excitement over his first snowfall or, as in "The Dark Roots of the Rose," about a passion that seems against nature, he knows exactly how to hit the mark. In the title story the rivalry between two sisters is portrayed as it persists through many years, and its effect upon both women is shrewdly and subtly analyzed. Because it covers so long a period of time and demands a constant process of revaluation on the part of the reader, this is a story that might easily have been botched; the sureness of Clemons's touch promises much for the future.

Although he is only a year or so older than Clemons, Dan Jacobson already has three novels to his credit, and now we have a collection of short stories, **"The Zulu and the Zeide"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75). Jacobson was born in South Africa, and all but two of his stories have South African settings. Not only are the qualities of the South African scene constantly presented to us; the conflicts that dominate South African life are always making themselves felt—conflicts between blacks and whites and conflicts between different kinds of whites.

Sometimes the racial theme is central, as in "The Box," the story of a boy's realization that he has been guilty of prejudice. More often the tension is merely there in the background, one of the facts of life, and Jacobson even makes a certain comic use of it in "After the Riots." As a rule Jacobson moves from the particular to the general, and he does this with notable effect in the title story. An old man, grown childish, is taken care of by a Zulu who is completely new to white men's ways. The close relationship that develops between the aged Jew, who speaks only Yiddish, and the young black man, who knows only his native tongue, is a touching example of the "vagaries and contrarieties" to which Miss Lavin refers. Although the story could be laid nowhere but in South Africa, we are confronted in the end by the essentially human.

THE mark of a particular place is on each of the three volumes, but each writer has a quality that is peculiarly his own, and each goes far beyond the specifically local. To say that sound fiction always reaches towards the values we think of as universal is, of course, a commonplace, but it is a truth that is illustrated with unusual force by these books. Miss Lavin's stories could be written only about Ireland, Jacobson's only about South Africa, and Clemons's (though to an American reader this is less obvious) only about America. One can hardly exaggerate the firmness with which characters and situations alike are rooted in the various lands to which the authors belong. And yet Miss Lavin and Jacobson speak just as directly to Americans as Clemons does, and I have no doubt that readers in Ireland or South Africa would respond to Clemons's tales. Each writer, in seeking to come to terms with his own environment, has succeeded in doing so by working through that environment to something larger.

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BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING

"The Years with Ross," by James Thurber, is the season's most buzzed-about book, not only because of its multi-prismed picture of a creative eccentric but also for its peak behind the covers of a popular weekly. Twelve book review editors of the nation's liveliest newspapers voted it their favorite of recent and soon-to-be-released titles. This and succeeding pages, however, suggest many others that will either ballast the hammock or wing one into our past, nature, exotica, adventure, and romance.

TWELVE VOTES:

THE YEARS WITH ROSS. *By James Thurber. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* $5. Vignettes of the late Harold Ross, editor, prime mover of *The New Yorker* and a man of many faces, any number of which are admired by the man who was his fellow worker and his friend. (Babcock, Barkham, Brady, Cross, Dolbier, Hogan, Hutchens, Molyneux, Nichols, Perkin, Snajdr, Yeiser.)

FIVE VOTES:

THE RAPE OF THE FAIR COUNTRY. *By Alexander Cordell. Doubleday.* $3.95. This grim story of Welshmen pitted against the brutality of the iron mines during Victoria's reign is relieved by the eloquence and beauty of the prose. (Babcock, Cross, Flowers, T. Sherman, Snajdr.)

THE STATUS SEEKERS. *By Vance Packard. David McKay.* $4.50. In this newest scrutiny of our social scene, the author of "The Hidden Persuaders" defines our class systems, our goals, and how we set about attaining them. (Kelly, Lucchese, O'Neill, J. Sherman, Snajdr.)

FOUR VOTES:

THE CURSE OF THE MISBEGOTTEN: A Tale of the House of O'Neill. *By Croswell Bowen with Shane O'Neill. McGraw-Hill.* $5. A thorough and illuminating study of Eugene O'Neill and his family, whose tragic history, darkened by drug addiction, alcholism, and suicide, was grist for the playwright's mill. (Cross, Hass, Lucchese, J. Sherman.)

OTHER SELECTIONS:

THE ART OF LIVING. *By F. L. Lucas. Macmillan.* $5.

BY THE NORTH GATE. *By Gwyn Griffin. Holt.* $3.95.

CADENZA. *By Ralph Cusack. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50.

COMPLETE POEMS. *By A. E. Housman. Edited by Thomas B. Haber. Holt.* $4.

DEATH IN THAT GARDEN. *By José André Lacour. Rinehart.* $3.95.

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. *By Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. Doubleday.* $5.75.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS AND OTHER NARRATIVES. *By Berton Roueché. Little, Brown.* $3.50.

DON'T GET PERCONEL WITH A CHICKEN. *By H. Allen Smith. Little, Brown.* $2.95.

THE ELDER STATESMAN. *By T. S. Eliot. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $3.75.

ELEMENTS OF STYLE. *By William Strunk and E. B. White. Macmillan.* $2.50.

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS. *By Philip Roth. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.75.

FOUR STORIES. *By Sigrid Undset. Knopf.* $3.75.

THE FOURTH BRANCH OF GOVERNMENT. *By Douglass Cater. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50.

THE HARMLESS PEOPLE. *By Elizabeth Marshall Thomas. Knopf.* $4.75.

HELLENISM. *By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford.* $4.50.

AN HONEST PREFACE AND OTHER ESSAYS. *By Walter Prescott Webb. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.75.

THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT. *Jacques Barzun. Harper.* $4.50.

IMPROPER BOHEMIANS. *By Allen Churchill. Dutton.* $5.

KENNETH GRAHAME. *By Peter Greene. World.* $6.

THE KING'S WAR 1641-1647. *By C. V. Wedgewood. Macmillan.* $7.50.

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER. *By D. H. Lawrence. Grove.* $6.

THE LIGHT INFANTRY BALL. *By Hamilton Basso. Doubleday.* $3.95.

THE LONG, LONG LOVE. *By Walter Sullivan. Holt.* $3.75.

THE MARAUDERS. *By Charlton Ogburn, Jr. Harper.* $4.50.

MEMENTO MORI. *By Muriel Spark. Lippincott.* $3.95.

THE PANTHER'S FEAST. *By Robert Asprey. Putnam.* $5.

THE POISON TREE. *By Walter Clemons. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50.

PROVIDENCE ISLAND. *By Jacquetta Hawkes. Random House.* $3.50.

THE SEVENTH DAY. *By Hans Hellmut Kirst. Doubleday.* $4.95.

THE SLEEPWALKERS. *By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan.* $6.50.

THE TEMPLE OF THE GOLDEN PAVILION. *By Yukio Mishima. Knopf.* $4.

THREE SCORE AND TEN. *By Walter Allen. Morrow.* $3.50.

TRUMBULL PARK. *By Frank London Brown. Regnery.* $3.95.

TURGENEV: THE MAN, HIS ART AND HIS AGE. *By Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Orion.* $6.

THE VANISHING EVANGELIST. *By Lately Thomas. Viking.* $4.95.

THE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE: UNITY, 1942-44. *Simon & Schuster.* $6.

THE PARTICIPATING CRITICS ARE:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*
RICHMOND C. BEATTY, *The Nashville Tennessean*
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New Trail Signs on Publishers' Row

By ROBERT WEST HOWARD, *who edited "This Is the West," winner of a 1958 Spur Award as the "Best Nonfiction Western of 1957."*

AGAIN this summer the High Plains will echo the snarls of bulldozers uprooting chapparel and mesquite, leveling arroyos, terracing new ponds, preparing seedbeds for new forage grasses. The result will be richer grasslands, more cattle, a little more "folding stuff" for the cowhands. A parallel reclamation program for the area's most famous by-product, the Western novel, seems to be shaping up.

But this other brush-kill and reseed operation must take place far to the east. Publishers' Row in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia in the years 1880-1900 was the birthplace of the Western. Here editors and promotion directors welded the saga pattern of the Sureshot Cowboy, the Skulking Redskin, Good's Triumph Over Evil, and the Heroine with Built-in Virtue. Three generations of competent authors have herded up this publishers' trail. Finally, new trail signs are going up along the literary Chisholm.

Some of them, as exciting as an emerald sweep of Suwanee Bermuda grass in the Texas Panhandle, are evident in offerings on the summer 1959 lists. The continuing realism and "mood-fix" in Jack Schaefer's **"The Kean Land"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75) is reason for every student of Western Americana to bow politely toward the East. This is a collection of short stories and novelettes, reprinted from the slicks. But the characters walk and talk as most people still do west of the Missouri, and the word-pictures carry the sharp scents of High Plains and Cowtown.

Even richer characterization and frontier realism beckon in Dale Van Every's **"The Scarlet Feather"** (Holt, $3.95). This excellent novel of the Ohio River wilderness in the decade following the Revolutionary War would not, in some quarters, be conceded "a Western." But it is—and one of the year's best. Frederick Jackson Turner fixed the literary boundaries of the American West in 1893 when he said:

> Stand at Cumberland Gap and watch the procession of civilization, marching single file—the buffalo following the trail to the salt springs, the Indian, the fur-trader and hunter, the cattle-raiser, the pioneer farmer—and the frontier has passed by. Stand at South Pass in the Rockies a century later and see the same procession with wider intervals between.

Tracy Carter and her hazel-eyed Caleb, young Eric Jordan and Lina, the lusty Slovers in Van Every's book were building toward the Pike's Peak gold rush, Dodge City, the Pony Express, and Tombstone as surely as the Longhorn cattle roaming Texas bottoms and the wild horses whinnying north from a Mexican *remuda*. Van Every's characters are in the pattern of the Old West. Novels of the caliber of "The Scarlet Feather," true in environmental detail and skilled in characterization, are the best hope for the Western's future.

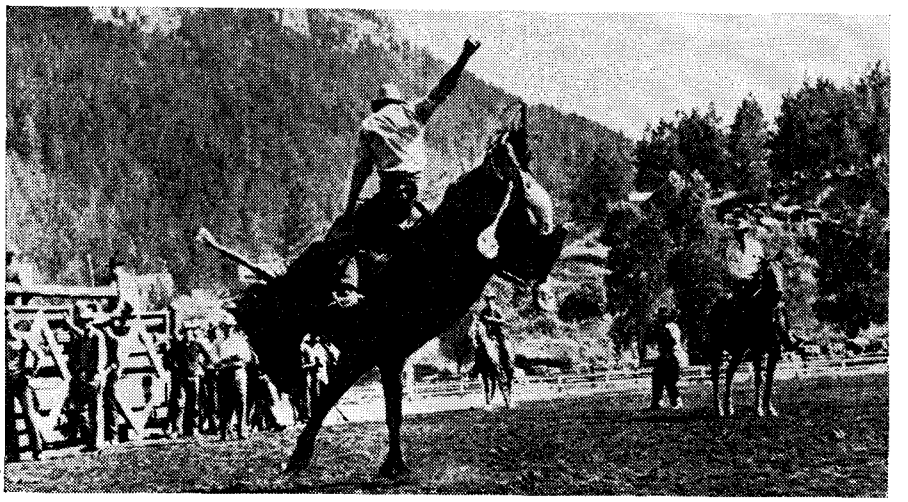
Frank O'Rourke moves toward the same promising horizon in **"The Far Mountain"** (Morrow, $4.95). His locale is the Spanish Southwest, in the vicinity of Taos. His theme, too, is those formative years when the Southerner broke through the Appalachian barriers.

Appraisal of these trends comes from both sides of the editorial desks.

> It seems to me that the Western has developed a split-personality [writes S. Omar Barker, president of Western Writers of America]. The traditional action-adventure type, generally classed as entertainment or pastime-reading, continues to hold its own in the soft-back editions and in moderate word-lengths. But numerous competent writers of Westerns are turning out more and more historical novels of the Old West, with considerable researched substance and no little literary quality. WWA recognizes this dual character by separate Spur Awards for each year's "straight" Western and for the best "Western historical" novel.

Marc Jaffe, New American Library's trail-boss for Westerns and a student of Western Americana, goes along with this concept.

> On one level [he said] the writer is primarily concerned with pure story, using familiar plot elements. He is more concerned with pace, action, and excitement than anything else; and he is successful to the extent that he is a skilled storyteller. A second level, represented by Haycox, Short, Frazee, and a few others, rests on a firm foundation of sure-handed plotting, but ranges far and wide in subject and background, and often creates convincing characters against an authentic "set" of Western life in the nineteenth century.
>
> The great challenge for the writer is in this category. The definitive books will come when they will come; they cannot be ordered in advance. The action story, good and bad, will always be written and should always be written. But there is a great need for more and better stories which not only have action and excitement, but also a sound basis in history and atmosphere, character and human relationships.



—*Chicago and Northwestern Railway System.*

Rodeo scene in "Days of '76" celebrations at Deadwood, North Dakota.

Cultural re-echo came from Jack

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Urban Man and His Natural World

By JERROLD LANES, *associate editor of* Natural History *magazine.*

WRITING about natural history has never presented a greater challenge than it does today, and perhaps authors — and their publishers—cannot be too severely blamed for failing to meet it, since the forces at work are immense. On the one hand, life grows increasingly urban and industrial, permitting ever fewer people to claim an intimate knowledge of what is called "the world of nature"; while, on the other, biologists—using the very methods of a technological age—have amassed a great amount of highly detailed information about this natural world. The problem for the writer is to bridge the gap, presenting these findings in a thorough, yet intelligible, way.

The crisis is perhaps most acute in this country, for, emotionally, we have never outgrown the Romantic era in our attitude to nature. For the Romantics, nature was something majestic and awesome: one could not examine the way it worked, because the mystical reverence of the Romantic's feeling stifled the scientific curiosity of his mind. And as usually happens when idealism becomes too pure, the Romantic mystique could not be related to actual conduct, which was allowed to run riot. The result was that, alongside the loftiest sentimentality, there was brutal exploitation of a rapidly expanding country, based on immediate use and short-term profit. The divorce is no less complete today. And the only factor that can reconcile these two opposing parties is biological knowledge, combining as it must a respect for the organisms it studies that will channel exploitation, and an enlightened inquiry into the "mysteries" of nature that will bring sentimentality into touch with the facts.

Peter Farb's **"Living Earth"** (Harper, $3.75), a book about the soil and the life that inhabits it, is, unfortunately, not a book to perform this function. The merits of "Living Earth" may be simply stated: it covers a lot of ground (no pun intended) and it conveys a lot of interesting information. But its failings are the inevitable complement of its merits: it covers too much ground to convey this information with the care and thoroughness the subject deserves.

The book's theme is of immense scope, embracing all kinds of both plants and animals, the higher as well as the lower forms, and a vast host of microscopic organisms simpler

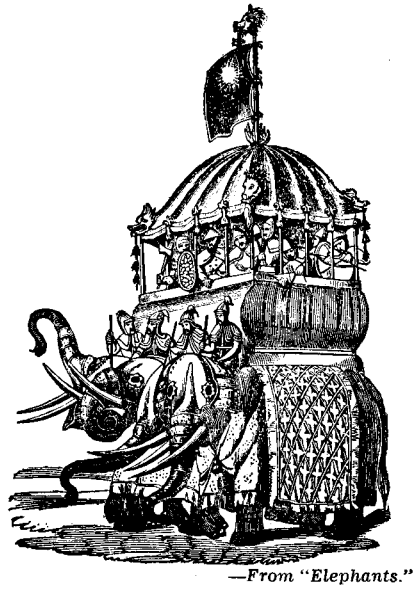
—From "Living Earth."

In teaspoon of earth, five billion bacteria and a million protozoa.

than either. Their life is superabundant (in a single teaspoonful of soil there may be as many as five billion bacteria and a million protozoa, among other organisms), and they inhabit a surprisingly huge area: the surface of the individual particles comprising an ounce of soil totals 250,000 square feet. We must be grateful to Mr. Farb for reminding us of this intriguing data; but we wonder how, knowing it, he could have hoped to embrace the entire life of the soil in 170 pages, if a teaspoonful and an ounce of earth are so rich in activity. The book is, then, just a routine once-over-lightly. The author, who is a journalist and not a biologist by profession, is informed about recent work—he knows about the high metabolism of shrews and the part plantlike, part animal-like reproduction of slime molds; but he is obliged to move along far too quickly to say much about them that we have not already read many times.

Richard Carrington has done considerably more justice to **"Elephants"** (Basic Books, $5); and the pages in which he discusses this creature's living relatives (the little "coney" or hyrax and the huge sea-cow) or its fossil antecedents—once one of the great populations of the earth, although today they are represented by only two dwindling species—are models of their kind, adult and thorough in their discussion of detail yet clear and graceful in their presentation. But the chapters on elephants' behavior are weaker. These are beautiful and noble creatures, and the great temptation in discussing them is to attribute to them the sentiments we humans feel on observing them. Mr. Carrington does not entirely avoid this error, and if his book gains in charm as a result, it rather loses in accuracy. Thus, speaking of the male elephant rebuffed by the female after mating, he tells how the male, at first "pained" by his mate's "indifference," soon "accepts" it with "philosophical resignation." That is perhaps the way Mr. Carrington would feel in the circumstance, but he is not an elephant. Actually, we do not know how elephants feel, or even if they can be said to "feel" at all; and the only way to find out is to study them as they are, without veiling them in a haze of spurious humanity. In sum, nothing in the statement just quoted is known for fact, and while Mr. Carrington has reported virtually all that is known about elephant behavior, the reader must be able to discern it through a multitude of misplaced metaphors.

The Swiss zoologist Adolf Portmann has been far more scrupulous in his approach; his little book on **"Animal Camouflage"** (University of Michigan Press, $4.50) could hardly be bettered. One of a series called the Ann Arbor Science Library, it is, like its predecessors, written by a European and is, like so many European books, much more successful at intelligent popularization than are most of our domestic products: one wishes for more such translations. The book, translated by A. J. Pomerans,



—From "Elephants."

Kublai Khan in his wooden castle, borne on backs of four elephants.

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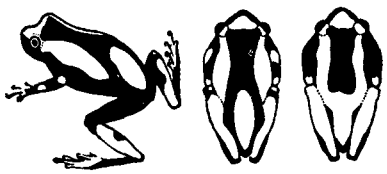


—From "Animal Camouflage."

South American tree frog. At right in resting position.

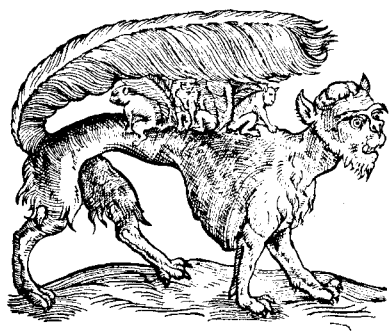
consists principally of examples, which are for all practical purposes exhaustive, illustrating in very brief compass every phase of an endlessly varied phenomenon. But camouflage is not only fascinating in its varieties, it is also of crucial importance because of the light such adaptations shed on the process of evolution and natural selection: camouflage has always figured prominently in discussions of Darwinian theory, and Mr. Portmann does not neglect this aspect of his subject.

It may be wondered why such books do not appear more often, if they are so good. The answer is presumably that they demand an intellectual effort that publishers—wrongly, I think—feel readers will not make. At any rate, it is true that Portmann's book, excellent though it is, appeals largely to the intelligence, not the emotions—just as it is true that Carrington, in trying to excite the emotions, was led to use phrasing of no intellectual validity. Occasionally a book comes along which satisfies that combination of thought and feeling we call the imagination, and such a work is Bernard Heuvelmans's **"On the Track of Unknown Animals"** (Hill & Wang, $6.95), translated by Richard Garnett. Heuvelmans seems to be as remarkable as his book: a jazz historian and musician, he is also a humanist of wide interests, the author of what we are told is a magisterial thesis on the dentition of the aardvark, and husband of the actress and novelist Monique Watteau, who is herself among the most impressive fauna presently to be found in France. Out of all this, something had to emerge.

New species of animals are always being discovered—the most spectacular recent find was that of the mollusc *Neopilina* in 1957—but skepticism about the possible existence of still more new species is curiously persistent. Heuvelmans's idea has been to call the roll of the outstanding hypothetical land animals, pleading, wherever possible, in favor of their real existence. Some of these creatures, of course, are almost surely fanciful while others, even if they do exist, are hardly spectacular—subspecies at most. But, even so, they all have a kind primeval freshness and fascination for us, particularly the "missing links" and "ape men" Heuvelmans discusses so brilliantly: the much-debated Ameranthropoid monkey of Brazil, the Nittaewo or Lost People of Ceylon, and the Abominable Snowman, which constitutes one of the most engrossing mysteries of our time. For Mr. Heuvelmans, none of these are hoaxes, and it is hard not to agree with him: this book is not a fable or its author a mystifier. The documentation he has assembled is enormous, and while some of our information comes from legend, legend usually has a hard core of fact; and natives can at times observe more truly than some biologists.

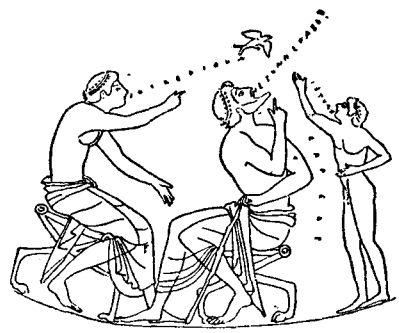
A final book, **"The Folklore of Birds"** (Houghton Mifflin, $6.50), is no less fascinating, as its author is no less remarkable. E. A. Armstrong the humanist is well known for his "Shakespeare's Imagination," a classic work on the subject, and E. A. Armstrong the biologist is the author of "Bird Display and Behavior," also a classic. These two temperaments now join forces in a book that surely no one else could have written. It is not an easy book to summarize; the wealth of fact it presents is too great. Choosing a group of wild birds commonly found in Europe and collecting the oral lore about them, Armstrong has attempted to place the origin and trace the distribution of their legends. His method is like that of the archeologist who, dating the artifacts he discovers by the stratum in which they are found and relating them to other remains found in the same stratum, is finally able to reconstruct the material culture that existed in a certain region at a particular time. But the archeologist works with objects, while Armstrong is working with oral lore which can disappear without a trace and which, even where it survives, is not found in separate strata. These have to be inferred, for Armstrong's aim is to suggest not a material chronology but a spiritual one, identifying lore according to the time of its origin.

The undertaking was immense, and



—From "On the Track of Unknown Animals."

Naïve drawing of the *sic* or *succarath*, after Father André Thévet (1558).



—From "The Folklore of Birds."

Ancient Greeks welcoming the first swallow of spring.

the results are as suggestive as the plan was bold. It remains to say that one learns en route any number of curious things: why we break wishbones or that Leda's swan was once a goose. It is sometimes said that books such as this do not really have a place in the field of natural history, but to me it seems that they represent it at its best, uniting as they do impeccable scholarship and an inexhaustible richness of content. Our understanding of both man and nature is greatly in their debt.

The Virtues of Home

By David Cornel DeJong

HOME is where the windmill
stands wingless, my mother
hangs out constant washings,
my sister waits for love
on the porch, and my father
always emerges from something
to be ignored or slightly
taken advantage of.

Come and make love to
my sister, while I shake
my father's doubtful hand,
no malice intended; my mother
will spread us a meal
amid home-brewed sentiments,
and the windmill won't
creak like a conscience.

Home is All-Michigan,
a dream on which someone
must still pay a next
instalment; I could sing
about it with Eddie Guest
in a Detroit complacence,
while Mother makes me conspicuous
with brown gravy and worship.

Don't wipe your feet, just
shake hands Mid-Western,
say Folks, with a game
and familiar spearmint breath;
there is a bible here with
television, old morality
in new dacrons, because
God and Mother are enough.

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Deep Down, Out of the Sun

***"The Cool World," by Warren Miller** (Little, Brown. 241 pp. $3.75), explores the darkest paths of Harlem through the eyes of an adolescent Negro boy. Hubert Saal, contributing editor at* Town and Country *magazine and a short-story writer, reviews it.*

By Hubert Saal

DUKE CUSTIS, hero of Warren Miller's new novel, says, "The world run by crooks pushers hoods from the top to the bottom." Duke's world is the jungle of Harlem's slums, where prostitution, perversion, dope, corruption of religion and of law are as commonplace as doormen on Fifth Avenue a few blocks south. They are the metaphysics of the "cool world," as universal, ubiquitous, and immutable as God or any natural law. "It's no world to be nice in," Duke says.

Duke is getting on. He's the War Lord of the Crocodile gang, deadly rivals of the Wolves. His dream is to get a gun and "burn" Wolves at the next rumble. He daydreams that then "People will say, 'Here come Duke. He cool. He got heart. He a cold killer.' " Then he'll be somebody.

To buy the gun, Duke needs fifteen dollars. He tries stealing it from his grandmother. Part of it he gets from selling himself to a white homosexual in Central Park. He sells reefers to "coolies," who belong to no gang and are everyone's prey. "Aint no place for coolies in the world," Duke says. Duke is fourteen years old.

From this world few escape. Duke's friend Chester escapes: to the prison of a white man's apartment. Others go to prisons with bars. Duke is seriously advised to go back to Africa by the leader of the movement. "I tell him. 'Man, I don't want to live with lions. It rough enough right here.' " He notices how families are constantly trying to escape, on the move from "one lousy apartment to another . . . one lousy job to another . . . Boy we cant move up but they cant stop us from movin horizontal." The only coolie they leave alone is Hardy Byrd, the all-around "athaleet." Hardy's going to a white man's college on a generous athletic scholarship. "Well I tell you Duke. I will play football for them an basketball an baseball. But no track. I aint gonna run my heart out for them."

It's hard to believe that Warren Miller wrote "The Way We Live Now," a first-rate novel of sophisticated New Yorkers in Greenwich Village; and even harder to believe that, under the pseudonym Amanda Vail, he wrote amusing "Love Me Little" and "The Bright Young Things." For compared with his "cool world," Studs Lonigan's Chicago or Tom Joad's Oklahoma are playgrounds for clergymen's children. Hardest of all to believe is that the "cool world" exists here and now. It's unquestionably true; Mr. Miller's book rings with truth. It's an extraordinary story of shocking social injustice in the richest city in the richest state in the richest country in the world. This is a book that wipes the righteous smirk about Little Rock from our faces.

As an angry novel of protest Mr. Miller's is all the more effective for its achievement as a work of art. Since Crane, Norris, and Dreiser our literature has had a tradition of "naturalistic" or "socially conscious" novels. But it takes the force and vision of a Dreiser to overcome the limitations most of these writers brought with them to the craft of the novelist. The Thirties were especially fertile for losing the art in the vehemence of the protest. Farrell, Caldwell, Steinbeck, with their virtues, are more often encumbered by their prolixity and endless burden of detail; pegged fast by wooden symbolic characters; shapeless in construction, styleless in prose. And, as Malcolm Cowley points out, the protagonist is usually a passive victim of circumstance.

Not in Warren Miller. His skill as a novelist sharpens the point of his wrath. It's a stylish book, brightly written, ironic, imaginative, chary, and telling in its details. His ear records sound better than stereo. He seems only to blow on his characters to give them life.

As he needed to be, Duke Custis is

(*Continued on page* 40)

FOR WARREN MILLER the shape of success is many-faceted. Under the pseudonym of Amanda Vail he probed the young and artful world of adolescence. His satire, "The Way We Live Now," revealed yet another aspect of his versatile talent and now his story of the fierce, alien world of a Harlem street gang will confuse even more readers who are certain to ask: Are they all Warren Miller?

"Of course they are," he explained. "Each novel was, in a sense, an exercise in reproducing the language of the society I wrote about." In his Greenwich Village apartment, Miller propped his broken, cast-sheathed ankle on a stool. "I broke it on Harrod's escalator while I was in London recently. No hard feelings though, I went back there to buy my cane." He talked about Amanda Vail, who was originally conceived by his editor largely because of the success of Françoise Sagan. "Amanda is dead now, and I don't think I'll ever resurrect her. I've started so many new projects—a novel about Cuba's revolution, a play set in New York, among them."

The idea for writing "The Cool World" came to Warren Miller one day when he happened to hear Edward R. Murrow's broadcast of taped interviews with the members of a gang who killed a boy in Washington Heights. "It's hard to say how such a subject gets hold of you over any one of a dozen other ideas. But the voices of those boys suddenly made it seem an urgent matter. I kept telling myself that writing the book would be an exercise in language and no more. But what I really wanted to do was write a novel that would have all the social and political force of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a book that would finally break through the timidity and concealed arrogance and the aridity of the sociologists' treatises."

Five or six years before he heard those desperate and pitifully apathetic voices on the Murrow program, Warren Miller lived at "the realtor's frontier" at 96th Street in East Harlem. The incidents of the novel grew out of what he recalled in the candy store, the playground, the street. Later, a friend who is a youth worker in Harlem answered such questions as: What is the price of a marijuana cigarette? "I tried to do some systematic research," Miller said, "but once I had started writing I knew that the most important thing was to write freshly, to offer a view that is new and that matters. My greatest concern now is: What will the Negro reader think of it?" —JEANETTE WAKIN.

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For Hot Summer Days, a Shower of Fiction

With a cast of test pilots, expatriots, copywriters, and schoolboys, on sets from Wales to Hollywood and Vine, vacation reading is more varied than ever.

PUDDLERS AND POETRY: Iestyn Mortymer, the hero of Alexander Cordell's **"The Rape of the Fair Country"** (Doubleday, $3.95) was born into a working-class world that was suffering from the aftermath of the Napoleonic wars, into the province ruled by Welsh ironmasters; where children went to work at five; where some families slept seventeen to a room, and some masters paid in tokens that could be spent only in company stores, which raised prices when wages fell; where strikes meant starvation; where nine puddlers out of ten went half blind from staring into the white heat of the firebox; where whole families were cast aside like dung when their masters could use them no longer.

Iestyn went to work late, on his eighth birthday, for the Mortymers were self-respecting folk, and his father an expert who drew down a pound a week—so why shouldn't he pamper his eldest son? Iestyn's working life began with a bloody fight, and there was much fighting and blood in it thereafter. The fighting led him from useless benefit associations to illegal unionism, and finally into the ranks of Chartism, the working-class movement set into motion by the workers' realization that the Reform Bill of 1832 had been a victory, not for them, but for the middle class. And it was Chartism that sent him on the disastrous march to Newport, where, one rain-soaked November morning in 1839, the cause of labor was staggered by the fire of British muskets.

Historians can tell you about the world that Iestyn lived in. But if you would live in it yourself, with its brutality of man to man, its beauty born of human dignity and love, its tragedy and farce, victories and defeats—then you must read "The Rape of the Fair Country."

When Shaw made Higgins say that Eliza Doolittle's father could fill "a popular pulpit in Wales," he was making a bow to Welsh eloquence. Alexander Cordell, though a Welshman only by adoption, has that eloquence. He does his adopted country proud by charging his writing with poetry, without ever sinking into the perfumed bog of poetic prose. Then there is Welsh magic. And Mr. Cordell commands that, too, in a pen as potent as Glendower's sword.

—Ben Ray Redman.

SANDS OF TIME: In his novel, **"The Hourglass"** (Lippincott, $4.95), Edwin Gilbert has looked back to Greenwich Village of 1936 and has traced his characters through the twenty-year span that none could then imagine from the hopeful and idealistic vantage point of poverty, youth, and McDougal Street. The three sections of the novel are "The Village," "Uptown," and "The Country."

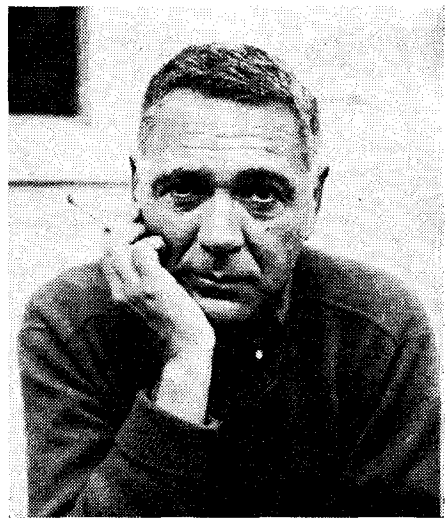
It is the great American journey; in its course the poetess becomes the writer of brassiere ads, the Marxist actress a Connecticut housewife, the angry young novelist a proud possessor of the latest model "Ghia Tivor X 20A" sports car. Gabe Marlo, the immigrant-son lawyer, makes it from the obscurity of a night-school degree to victory before the Supreme Court and finds, in the end, fulfillment in his profession—though not in the crumbled remains of his marriage. The characters sound almost too familiar to emerge as much more than cardboard, and yet they come to life through the warmth of Mr. Gilbert's feeling for them.

The great migration from Bohemia to Suburbia, from youth to middle age, is a rigorous route, and the sudden optimism that the book and the main character, Gabe Marlo, manage to end with, seems rather surprising. It is based not on the dangerous nostalgia of the past, but the dangerous illusion of the future. He decides ultimately that the best lies ahead; but it is with a sense of well-warranted relief that he utters the novel's last line: *"Addio, giovinezza"* —good-bye to youth.

—Dan Wakefield.

EYE OF THE STORM: The account of a forty-eight-hour hurricane which ravaged the dunes of a New England shore forms a beautifully-wrought background for the story of Nona Reardon, the heroine of Harvena Richter's first novel, **"The Human Shore"** (Little, Brown, $3.75). Miss Richter has used the hurricane as a screen on which to project the character of Nona, who decides to leave her anthropologist-professor husband and remain for the winter in Sandpiper House.

Against a backdrop of the gathering winds, we see Nona, the girl from Waverley who moved to the elegance of Essex Hill but who never quite bridged the social gap with her neighbors at the summer colony. When she was ten years old, Nona yearned for Holderness House, king of the summer castles; and at twelve, she had her first sexual experience with Tom Holderness, young scion of the coveted house. At eighteen, she and Tom had an affair, which ended unhappily when he decided that she would "never fit in at all."



—*Andreas Feininger.*

Edwin Gilbert . . . the great migration from Bohemia to Suburbia.

Nona is a cold woman, whose life has room for her four children, but not for her affectionate, though stodgy husband. She wonders "whether she would have married if it hadn't been that she wanted children . . . what was a man needed for except just that."

Her feeling of the house's immutability almost destroys her and her family. When the first hurricane winds stir, Nona is alone in Sandpiper House with three of her daughters, a governess, and housekeeper. She refuses to leave at first, and when she finally attempts to drive to higher ground, the road is impassable. She is forced to turn back. During the furious peak of the storm, Sandpiper House is swept away. When the family is finally rescued, Nona feels that the pattern of her life has been washed away, like the granite blocks of a sea wall. Yet, in the brief flashback prologue, she seems to live again in the old dream world of Essex Hill.

The character of Nona, never very clear, seems at the last moment to have slipped out of the author's grasp, leaving the reader to puzzle whether

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Harvena Richter—"has caught the mood of nature's churning fury."

the hurricane has really altered her life.

Miss Richter's narrative strength is most striking in her description of the wrathful hurricane. From the puzzling migration of butterflies over the dunes, to the first gusts of wind, to the bewitching calm in the eye of the storm, even to the raging tidal wave which washes away Sandpiper House, Harvena Richter has caught the mood of nature's churning fury—unpredictable, yet paradoxically rhythmic. It is unfortunate that the poorly delineated character of Nona Reardon overshadows this vividly-etched description. —Mary Sullivan Simons.

BLUE YONDER: Hank Searls's **"The Big X"** (Harper, $3.50) is the latest Harper "find," but it is difficult to understand why. This story of pilots and engineers working on rocket planes in California is crammed with authentic-sounding data and small talk (the author is himself an electrical engineer and experienced jet pilot); but as a novel, it is the aviation equivalent of the "adult" Western. That is, it is a trite action story peopled with cliché characters to whom have been affixed, like ornaments, a few "modern" problems.

As in many novels by specialists about their fields, Mr. Searls is much more interested in and competent with the factual material than the fictional elements. The story deals with a test pilot of a new rocket plane, his romance, his differences with an unsympathetic superior, his moment of decision on the crucial flight. It is all perfectly predictable, even to the nightmare of crash from which he wakes, "sweating and shivering," to be comforted by his girl. You have seen it more than once in Technicolor.

Surely the world of men who fly planes 200 miles high at 6,000 miles an hour, possibly mere months away from space-ships, is a fascinating one. It cries out for novels by writers who are not bullied by the masculinity of the subject into an embarrassment with art. It is probably excessive to ask for another Saint-Exupéry, but Mr. Searls lacks even the dramatic facility and narrative skill of Frank Harvey or David Beaty.

—Stanley Kauffmann.

DAY THE EARTH SHOOK: Some of us are incurably curious about the personality of an author as it is reflected in his book. **"Earthquake"** (Random House, $3.50) presumably reflects the personalities of two authors, one, that of Milton Berle, a comedian, the other that of John Roeburt, a writer. Between them they have conceived a mordant vision of a colony of expatriates—American, most of them—living in a Mexican town. The colony includes refugees from politics (both ward level and international), marriage, Hollywood, and European decadence. They mostly talk nastily to each other until the earthquake hits. Some live and some die after the tremor that destroys the town. The characters are sketched in knowledgeably, their conversation is vivid, their psyches anguished. It's all expert, up to date, and undistinguished, though readable. —Hollis Alpert.

SOMETHING HAPPENS: In Roy Fuller's new novel, **"That Distant Afternoon"** (Macmillan, $3.95), the persons and places may at first seem too familiar: another British public school, with its urgently robust and often brutally conformist traditions; more playing fields, prize-day speeches, sadistic prefects, Latin verbs; and one more intelligent adolescent who likes poetry and is obliged to appear far more extroverted than his native temperament finds natural.

But Mr. Fuller does something rare and redeeming with it all, which proves that no subject is in itself ever exhausted for literature. He simply looks at his material with a quietly intent eye, and where another writer might have seen only the clichés, he has seen exact, unexpected particulars. The result is keen, alive, arresting. A headmaster who could easily have remained a caricature, becomes a unique human being, whom the students will admire, fear, and finally outgrow. In the successive scenes, we hear dining hall banter (some of it very funny), watch dormitory-protocol, follow often unpredictable but always convincing turns of human nature. And at the end it is the reader who tells himself that the young hero has grown, has matured, has happened in time, right there before his eyes.

—N.B.C.

Milton Berle—"has conceived a mordant vision of a colony of expatriots."

In this country Roy Fuller is probably still best known for his verse, although "That Distant Afternoon" is his fourth novel. Besides being written with a buoyant resource of imagery, it handles E. M. Forster's "ingredients of fiction—human beings, time, space" with so much freshness and sovereign ease that we had better stop thinking of Mr. Fuller as a poet who occasionally writes novels. Like Hardy, he is an authentic bifoliate. —Robert Phelps.

DAY AFTER LAST: If Nevil Shute alarmed readers with "On the Beach," Pat Frank will really frighten them in **"Alas, Babylon"** (Lippincott, $3.50), which brings a nuclear attack to the U.S. and studies survival techniques in the small Florida town of Fort Repose. Mr. Frank appears obsessed with the threat of nuclear war and determined to warn of its dangers. He treated the subject with satire in "Mr. Adam" and with melodrama in "Forbidden Area."

"Alas, Babylon," the Bragg family code word for disaster, is used by SAC Colonel Mark Bragg to warn his brother Randy that war is imminent because of America's "Chevrolet mentalities shying away from a space-ship world." Mark dispatches his wife and children to Fort Repose, while Randy prepares for the emergency by buying $314.80 worth of food—and a case and a half of whisky.

"The Day" comes when Ensign Pee-wee Cobb releases a "Sidewinder" from his reconnaissance plane above the Mediterranean, misses the "enemy" plane he was shooting at, and hits a Syrian munitions train. Randy knows that war has come when he hears two terrific explosions, one wiping out the SAC base at Homestead, Florida, the other destroying Miami's International Airport and "incinerating a million people." Characters in "Alas, Babylon" do not know who is winning the war, Russia or the

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U.S. Power fails. Communication with the outside world breaks down. Fort Repose is on its own.

This is the story of how its people learn to grow their own food or catch it from the river, get around without gasoline, handle stragglers poisoned by radiation, keep down crime and keep up morale. Necessity makes them pioneers again and they rise to that necessity.

Piling up convincing details of survival difficulties in his particular Florida town, Mr. Frank manages to give a semblance of reality to his fantasy. The characters lack depth or subtlety and the story appears contrived—and yet Mr. Frank is successful enough in making us believe it could indeed happen here to send a small, fearful chill along our backbone. —WALTER SPEARMAN.

ALONG MADISON AND VINE: Employing a technique somewhat reminiscent of that used by Orson Welles in "Citizen Kane," Al Hine, in his first novel, **"The Birthday Boy"** (Scribners, $3.95), takes apart a big-shot public relations man. As friends, wife, mistress, and associates, one after another dissect Jerry McMann on his birthday there is the intimation that some important revelation is coming, but a revelation important enough to make worth while all the dissection never arrives. Jerry becomes a curiously remote and not very interesting figure. He lives, loves, lies, and connives as he shuttles between Hollywood and Madison Avenue. He's neither a great man nor a louse; he's merely successful. His wife is a lush, his friends seem tantalizingly familiar: have we met them in life or in other books? The details about the *milieu* of public relations seem accurately observed, and are sharply sketched. One wonders whether a firm like Jerry McMann Associates would handle both industrial and movie accounts, but on the whole Mr. Hine is more successful at creating a business than absorbing and vital characters. —H. A.

PAGAN PASSION: What made David Garnett's "Aspects of Love" a delight was its urbane, light touch. That touch is unaccountably missing in his new novel, **"A Shot in the Dark"** (Little, Brown, $3.50), an unconvincing attempt to show some contemporary creatures acting out a pagan ritual. The scene is a small town in Italy; the new pagans are an expatriate American, an English lesbian, and a young Italian girl caught between the two. Robert, the American, discovers the survival of a pre-Christian cult in the town, gets mixed up in local politics and scandal, and falls in love with Gemma, the passionate daughter of an apothecary. He uses extreme and somewhat sensational means to rescue her from the arms of an icy English goddess. If Mr. Garnett did not take him so seriously he might have seemed the comic American, but I'm afraid satire was not the intent here. The writing is surprisingly flat and undistinguished, considering the reputation of the author. —H. A.

HERO'S WELCOME: With all the fury of a Bengal tiger, Al Morgan in **"One Star General"** (Rinehart, $3.50) draws a devastating portrait of an American general who ultimately discovers himself. Flashing back from the near present, the story of the general is revealed through the rheumy eyes of a half-alcoholic wife and the bitter stare of a journalist who knew the general too well. The scene is La Guardia Airport in 1953 and the occasion is the arrival of General Charley Bronson, signal hero of the Korean War. As the plane bearing Bronson approaches for an extravagant hero-worshipping reception, the portrait of the man emerges, etched with a bayonet point and stinging acid.

Morgan's "The Great Man" sent the broadcasting industry scurrying for an oxygen tent; "One Star General" puts the old Army system on an operating table, lacerates it with a scalpel, and doesn't count the sponges.

Morgan hits hard, relentlessly. He never lets the Pentagon, the reader, or General Charley Bronson catch a breath. Each chapter is the thud of hard leather smacking into the emotional solar plexus. Bronson is a West Point product with an oaken mind, a blind integrity, and a fruitless, unconscious desire for death. His wife is a shattered woman because of it. Out of these materials a story is shaped which sweeps to an intensely emotional climax, with a quite unexpected twist of hope and compassion at the end.

You will probably read "One Star General" at a single sitting, once you're caught up by the pace of the story. With his third book Morgan proves himself a deft commentator on contemporary America.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

THAT ONE MAY SMILE: In his new novel, **"The Velvet Knife"** (Doubleday, $3.95), Irving Shulman dissects a segment of Hollywood with extraordinary if quiet power. When you have finished, you are convinced that "friendship" in Hollywood terms is about as welcome as a plague of locusts in a smog bank.

Phil Hammschlager, a press agent, has a disarming smile, a captivating love for his fellow man, and a stiletto in his hip pocket. Out of the perverse kindness of his heart, he destroys an innocent actress, nearly decapitates a few of his friends by scandal and indirection, and finally meets his own demise in a highly original way through singer Mary Scott. You learn all of this through the eyes of a fading Hollywood script writer, who is almost simultaneously resurrected and wrecked by Hammschlager's smiling villainy.

If you can forgive author Shulman a few unfortunate lapses in motivation and plausibility, you can be drawn with utter fascination into the vortex of this slatternly Hollywood scene. Shulman's touch is sure and skilful, his perception alert, his writing forceful in a sponge-rubber sort of a way—like a sash weight packed in a catcher's mitt.

There will always be a Hollywood. But it's always good to have someone like Irving Shulman around to make it self-conscious of its own witless cupidity. —J. G. F.

PARTY LINE: Robert McLaughlin's **"The Notion of Sin"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) is a novel that has the virtues of good gossip: it is entertaining and plausible. It has a seduction, a suicide, a farcically broken marriage—all sorts of things you'd expect to be told in confidence at a cocktail party. But, as a talented gossip is apt to be limited when he does any more than tell what happened, so Mr. McLaughlin is not convincing when he has his hero, Carl Dickson, try to judge his own plight.

Carl is a well-groomed, articulate young copywriter, a lapsed Catholic, who owes his career to his mentor, Ira. When Carl, newly married, suspects the magic has vanished, he mentions it to his wife, who agrees—and goes off with Ira. Two disasters later, including the suicide of a friend and employer, for which he feels tenuously responsible, Carl has had

(*Continued on page* 39)

—Joan Shulman.

Irving Shulman—"dissects a segment of Hollywood with quiet power."

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Survey of the American Scene

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

THE FRONTIER has been swallowed up in a surge of white-sidewall tires and laundromats, but of making many books about it there is no end, or ever shall be. The most casual survey of new books devoted to the American scene is bound to be peppered with fresh contributions to the literature of Americans in motion with the rising sun at their backs. And the books in this group read just as nicely in summer as in any other season—possibly better.

Thomas D. Clark's **"Frontier America"** (Scribners, $10) is a massive and thorough study that recites the story of the westward movement from the early coastal settlements to the closure of free land in the 1890s. It is also a notable demonstration of the excellent use to which material in state historical society publications can be put. Mr. Clark pays frequent tribute to the value of these growing repositories. "In literally hundreds of communities," he notes in his preface, "local historians have industriously engaged themselves for more than a century in ferreting out the facts of pioneering," and in the preface to his terminal bibliography he declares: "Local sources sometimes record the most satisfactory stories of the frontier," and again: "Brief articles in the historical journals have often contained as much meaning as some books dealing with the frontier." This material has proved especially useful in his chapters on "A Pioneer Way of Life," "Peopling the Greater Frontier," "Frontier Arts and Sciences," and "Gold, Silver, and Men" (this last, of course, includes the California, Colorado, Nevada, Montana, and Idaho rushes from '49 to '94). The more than thirty prints are well chosen and amply documented, and the twenty maps are carefully integrated with the text. "Frontier America" is a veritable encyclopedia of a century and a half of pioneering, with close attention paid to the minutiae of day-to-day life and the rugged requirements essential for survival.

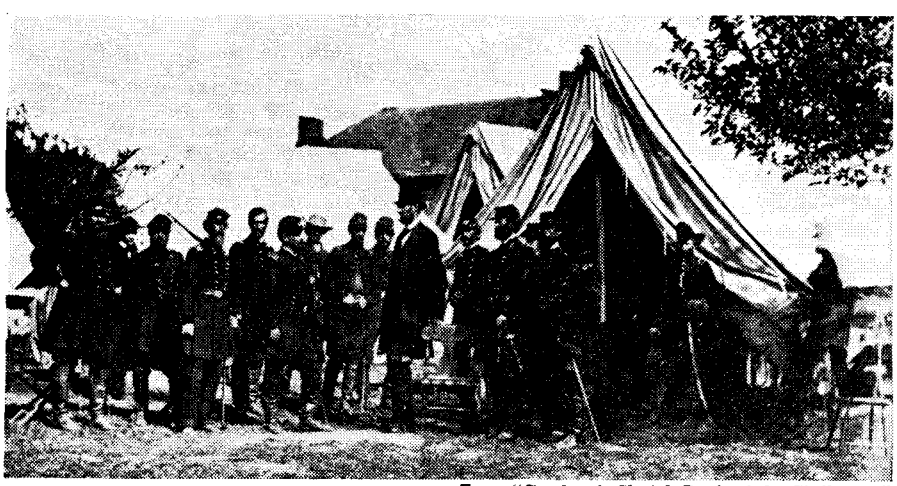
John A. Caruso's **"The Appalachian Frontier"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.75) is, as its title indicates, sharply focussed in time and place on a single phase of the westward movement: the opening of the Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee, and Mississippi basins in the second half of the eighteenth century. It has its heroes—Daniel Boone, Richard Henderson, George Rogers Clark, Richard Sevier, James Robertson, William Blount—and, in James Wilkinson, the adventurer who tried to turn Kentucky over to the Spanish at New Orleans, it has a most satisfying villain. A main consequence of Wilkinson's machinations was that Kentucky did not become the first "new" state to join the Union. She came in in 1791 as the fifteenth; Vermont had been admitted in 1790 as the first after the original colonies—and the first without an Atlantic frontage. With the admission of Tennessee in 1796, Mr. Caruso (who is assistant professor of history at West Virginia University) brings his lively narrative to a close. His chief concerns are men and movements, personalities and politics, but he devotes considerable space to the buckskinned private in the ranks in the army of pioneerdom, particularly in the chapter entitled "Pattern of Life."

When he was twenty-one years old, frontiersman George Washington wrote a book, but not by intention. Sent on a delicate mission to the commander of the French troops on the Ohio by the Governor of Virginia, he kept a brief journal, which was turned over to the provincial council on his return to Williamsburg. The council ordered the journal put in type, and the first-President-to-be thereby became our first Presidential author.

"The Journal of Major George Washington," originally printed and published at Williamsburg in 1754, now reappears in a facsimile edition under the imprint of Colonial Williamsburg (Holt, distributor, $2), with a good introduction and good clarifying notes by James R. Short and Thaddeus W. Tate, Jr. The original from which the facsimile was made, one of eight known surviving copies, was acquired by Colonial Williamsburg following its sale at auction in New York in 1955 for $25,000. The 8,500-word report is a factual, graphic narrative that the youthful envoy had no reason to be ashamed of.

WHICH of Peter Stuyvesant's legs was amputated? The right. When was he born—1610 or 1611? These hitherto unknown quantities are definitively resolved in **"Peter Stuyvesant and His New York"** (Random House, $4.75), by Henry H. Kessler and Eugene Rachlis, a physician-newspaperman team that has toiled to good purpose and produced a life-study and a place-study that is authoritative, scholarly, and briskly readable. The terminal notes, presented as running comment chapter by chapter, are offered "as a form of lagniappe which we hope will add to the appreciation of the story." They do. One note, for instance, discusses the amount Peter Minuit paid for the island of Manhattan, universally translated into $24. Our authors prefer $39, "but we do not insist on it," they add. As to Stuyvesant's age, a memorial tablet in New York has him dying in February, 1672, which is correct, "aged eighty years," which is not. Research in Amsterdam on behalf of the authors turned up an otherwise unimportant document signed by Stuyvesant in 1646 which calls him "about XXXV years of age." He died, therefore, not at eighty but at sixty-one or sixty-two.

One artifact which the American Indian never got around to inventing



—From "Gardner's Sketch Book of the Civil War."

Lincoln on the field of Antietam. The photograph, usually attributed to Mathew Brady, was taken by Alexander Gardner, whom Brady brought from Scotland.

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was the wheel. He walked, he rode horses (after Europeans had imported them), and if he had to transport goods he rigged a travois, and everybody knows what *that* was. Early white settlements were close to salt water or on navigable rivers. There was a road, of a sort, between Boston and Plymouth as early as 1639, but there were no wheels on it at the start; actually there were few horses either; traffic was largely pedestrian. The Conestoga wagon, symbol of westward expansion, was in general use as early as 1755; it may come as news to many people to learn that the original Conestogas were usually gaily colored, the underbody a dark blue and the upper woodwork "always a gaudy red," according to Clarence P. Hornung's **"Wheels Across America"** (Barnes, $12.50), as complete a panorama of vehicular transportation as one is ever likely to meet up with, journey howsoever he may. Mr. Hornung has assembled more than 1,100 illustrations of all sorts, from woodcuts to photographs, gleaned from magazines (particularly *Harper's Weekly*), technical periodicals, catalogues, museums, historical societies. There are eight pages in rich color. The main classifications are horse-drawn vehicles, railroads, street railways (horse, electric, cable), bicycles, automobiles, but there are dozens of variants on these principal themes. If it's something that ever turned on an axle and carried people, you will probably find it in this lavish, luxurious, capably-edited round-up of rotation.

A worthy addition to the literature of American oil exploration in this, petroleum's centennial year, is Ruth Sheldon Knowles's **"The Greatest Gamblers"** (McGraw-Hill, $6). Without sacrifice of narrative thrust, she accents the personalities that have thronged the oleaginous stage since Edwin Laurentine Drake's pioneer discovery at Titusville, Pa. She summarizes, among many others, the colorful career of the late Everette DeGolyer, who was for several years chairman, Board of Directors, The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., "father of petroleum geophysics," and perfector of the reflection seismograph which revolutionized oil prospecting. In the early 1930s even experts became convinced that there was "no more oil in Illinois," but in 1937 DeGolyer discovered a 1,500-barrel well (a day, that is); within two years 4,000 wells were drilled "and the written-off area became the nation's fourth largest producer." DeGolyer ("De," as he was universally known) also did all right in Texas, Oklahoma, and Mexico. Mrs. Knowles's survey is straightforward, lively, and exciting reading.

BEFORE the oil, the trees, We, the people of the United States, own 180,000,000 acres of national forests, an area greater than that of the second largest state in the Union (name on request). You can learn all about these vast real-estate holdings of yours in **"The National Forests"** (Knopf, $4.75), by Arthur H. Carhart, who became the first permanent landscape architect of the United States Forest Service in 1919, and who, when he returned to private practice, continued his interest in and enthusiasm for the service in which he pioneered. The book is short but inclusive—a smoothly readable manual of the ten "regions" (as they are called) which extend from Maine to Alaska, from Minnesota to Louisiana. "The National Forests" has been planned as a companion volume to Freeman Tilden's excellent "The National Parks," and it fulfils this function admirably. There are forty-four good photographs.

The golden spike that linked the Atlantic to the Pacific by rail was driven at Promontory, Utah, on May 10, 1869, and on November 5, 1870, near Verdi, Nevada, the West had its first train robbery. The loot was $41,000 in gold coin. Within a week, the seven culprits (one of them a Sunday school superintendent) were rounded up and $30,000 of the take was salvaged. You might think that a retribution so swift and so nearly complete might have discouraged any potential imitators, but in that case Eugene B. Block couldn't have written **"Great Train Robberies of the West"** (Coward-McCann, $5), which discusses twenty heists in detail, all of them surprisingly varied despite the consistency of the basic formula. Consider, for instance, the episode of Carl The Tramp, who, sleeping under a tree at Sacramento, was awakened when two desperadoes started burying what turned out to be $50,000 in gold and greenbacks. On the principle of second thief best owner, Carl appropriated this, went to San Francisco, and lived like a prince—not forever after, but for fifteen magnificent months. The Southern Pacific suffered fifty-nine holdups between 1870 and 1933 (the last of these was the last Western holdup to date, and in it a conductor shot and killed a lone-wolf bandit). Mr. Block gives travelers' checks credit for helping put train robberies in the crime-does-not-pay class. Railroads, he says, are today "confident that train robberies have become a thing of the past." Has anybody told them about that bus stickup in New Jersey a few months ago?

From the beginning America has been the catch-all for every sort

(*Continued on page 41*)

—*From "Frontier America."*

A drive of longhorns into Dodge City, 1878 . . . close attention paid to minutiae of day-to-day life and rugged requirements essential for survival.

—*From "Wheels Across America."*

Tandem bicycle designed by H. P. Butler of Cambridge, Mass., 1869.

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The Ladies Depart

THE chartered bus carrying the Polish Ladies was rolling through Texas on the cross-country sightseeing trip back to New York.

"Such an interesting state, Texas," one of the Ladies observed. "So large it has many towns with the same name. In the last two days I counted maybe a dozen villages with the name Tessakow or Soonakow."

Val Janta, interpreter and traveling secretary for the group, said she had failed to notice the coincidence. Within a few minutes, there was an exultant cry.

"Look quick! See the sign. We are in Tessakow again."

Mrs. Janta's attention was directed to a swinging sign at the only service station in a small town. The sign advertised "Texaco." Mrs. Janta smiled as she disposed of the confusion. Thereafter, whenever the bus passed a Texaco or Sunoco service station, the Polish Ladies would laughingly recall the episode.

This wasn't the first time an American sign had given the Ladies some difficulty. Some weeks earlier, one of them had answered a question I put to her by saying she had been staying at a fine hotel called the "Yewcah." This puzzled me until I learned that she was referring to the YWCA.

Apart from such delightful misconceptions, the Polish Ladies have made remarkable progress in their English studies. Almost all of them have had special tutoring and take great pride in their new linguistic achievements.

"Now, not you nor I will have terrible time speaking French to each other," one of them said to me recently. "We will speak English and only one of us will have terrible time."

If any of the foregoing creates the impression that the mood of the Polish Ladies in the United States has been increasingly spirited and buoyant, the reader can rest content: the impression is correct. After the fright and uncertainty of the first few weeks in the U.S. wore off, the Polish Ladies began to rediscover the wonder of enjoyment and laughter. It came slowly at first but there was a steady progression in response to gaiety and good humor.

Before the Ladies had arrived in the United States, many members of the volunteer American group who brought them here wondered whether their capacity for psychological rehabilitation had been weakened or even destroyed. For these women had seen man at his ugliest. They were Catholic members of the Resistance during the Second World War. They were captured and imprisoned at the Ravensbrueck Concentration Camp in Germany. Nazi doctors used them as human guinea pigs in medical and surgical experiments. They were made to suffer massive infections and raging fevers in order to test new sulfanilamide drugs. Muscles had been removed from their limbs in human transplanting operations. Other women, then in their 'teens or early twenties, had been used in sterilization experiments designed to reduce the population of conquered countries. It was the only instance in recorded history when a nation had used its power to carry out experiments on human flesh. The fact that the experiments yielded nothing of scientific value is an extraneous historical footnote.

The account of these experiments was fully established and detailed at the Nuremburg Trials. The doctors and surgeons involved made no denials. In their defense they said merely that they were acting under orders.

In any case, the survivors of the experiments never fully recovered, physically or emotionally. After the war, they returned from the concentration camp to a Poland charred in stone and spirit. While in Ravensbrueck they had been sustained by the determination to let the world know what had happened. But war and the effects of war are too clamorous for the individual voice, however strong the message and pure the accent. And the Lapins, as they came to be known, were unable to make an effective claim on the world consciousness.

There was yet another claim that concerned them. Neither East nor West Germany had made any attempt to refute the fact of the experiments, but neither one in the years after the war had offered any medical help or indemnification of any sort. West Germany represented itself as the legal successor to the previous government. Moreover, West Germany had spent some two billion marks for pensions and compensation to other survivors of concentration camps. But the Lapins were declared by Germany to be ineligible to receive any such benefits because they were citizens of a state with which Germany had no diplomatic relations.

The anguish and bitterness that these events had produced in the Lapins were understandable. Hence the concern among the Americans who had come together in their behalf. Could the Lapins take heart from the kind of experiences they would have in the United States? For the purpose in bringing them here was not solely to give them medical treatment as required; it was hoped that they might be restored to some extent in spirit and outlook.

The apprehensions of the American volunteers may have been deep but they were not long lasting. The Polish Ladies adjusted themselves to their new environment in a way that was profoundly heartening to the American committee. In the early weeks after they arrived in December, a few of them had difficulty with the new environment. But most of these cases righted themselves nicely within a month or so.

Every effort was made to individualize the care of the Ladies. We didn't want them to feel that our concern was primarily for the group as a whole, or that they were being given depersonalized benefits. Accordingly, it was decided to divide the entire group into units of twos and threes and send them to different communities around the country. The implementation of this decision was made

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"I don't know how to say it right, but I feel a new kind of electricity."

Stanislawa Bafia, photographed in Warsaw, shortly before the departure for the U.S.

Miss Bafia at a picnic in Connecticut, just two weeks before returning to Poland.

possible through volunteer coöperating committees in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Buffalo, Birmingham, Detroit, Fall River, Cleveland, Denver, Tampa, Phoenix, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. No more than four or five girls were in the metropolitan New York area during most of the period of the stay.

Altogether, thirty-five Ladies were involved in the project. Twenty-seven arrived in the first contingent last December, the balance in March. They remained in New York long enough to be examined by Dr. William Hitzig, medical consultant to the project, who had earlier traveled to Warsaw to review their medical histories with Polish doctors. Just before Christmas, the Ladies left for the various communities around the country where they found that the local committees had developed comprehensive programs to take care of their individual needs. These programs were not confined to the medical. Indeed, they stressed the psychological, social, and career needs of the Ladies. When not actually in the hospital, the Ladies would live with carefully chosen local families and take part in the community life. They would also pursue their professional interests and, if they so wished, study English.

Few of the Ladies remained in a single community during their stay in the United States. Many who spent the early part of the winter in northern cities like Boston or Buffalo or Detroit had a chance to get sun tanned in Tampa, or Los Angeles and Phoenix. Where possible, the central committee attempted to utilize the unique facilities or features of a locality in determining where the Ladies were to be sent. Krystyna Wilgat, for example, was interested in geology and geography. After a preliminary period in New Canaan, Connecticut, she went to Phoenix, Arizona, where the local committee arranged for special field trips and for the use of the facilities at the state university. Joanna Szydlowska possessed genuine talents as sculptor, carver, and maker of jewelry. She spent most of her time in New York and California where she could visit the museums, the shops, and the galleries. Another artist, Anna Zieleniec, was a talented illustrator of children's books. In California, she had the kind of natural setting that is congenial to an artist. The Ladies whose work involved medicine or science were given opportunities to study and observe as their time and energies permitted. Wladyslawa Lapinska, went to Cleveland to stay with her sister, Helenka Piasecka, now an American citizen. Helenka is one of the survivors of surgical experimentation at Ravensbrueck. At war's end she was able to make her way to France and later to the United States, where she now is a teacher in the Cleveland public schools.

A major factor taken into account in the distribution of the Lapins to American communities concerned their medical needs. Some of the participating cities enjoyed national prominence in certain specialized medical fields. As might be expected, the national committee took advantage of this fact in assigning the Ladies. Most of the surgery for the project was done in Boston by Dr. Jacob Fine at the Beth Israel Hospital. Several of the operations in Boston were for the removal of neuromas caused by the surgical experiments on the legs. Detroit was exceptionally strong in the psychological facilities available to the Ladies. Dr. John Dorsey, of Wayne State University, was in charge of the Detroit program and headed a staff consisting of such eminent Polish-speaking psychiatrists as Dr. Victor L. Koszlowski and Dr. Thaddeus Sztokfisz.

The National Jewish Hospital in Denver enjoys world-wide renown for its treatment of tuberculosis patients. The committee was mindful of

The Ladies spend Christmas, 1958, in Connecticut. Left to right: Lapins Wladyslawa Lapinska, Maria Kusmierczuk, and Jadwiga Hassa; Miss Lapinska's sister, Helenka Piasecka, who teaches school in Cleveland; and Caroline Ferriday, their holiday hostess.

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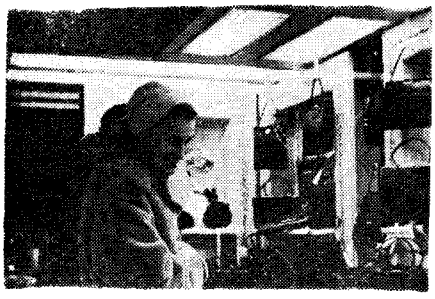
Knott's Berry Farm, Calif. Indian Chief surrounded by (l. to r.) Maria Grabowska, Jadwiga Kukiela, and Genowefa Kacka.

(l. to r.) Jadwiga Hassa, Wladyslawa Lapinska and Maria Kusmierczuk try cooking dinner in American kitchen.

Detroit hostess, Judy Reynolds (center, seated) entertains guests (l. to r.) Waclawa Gnatowska, Janina Sufa, Stephania Lotocka.



Maria Kusmierczuk does her shopping for Christmas presents in New York.

this in its decision to send one of the Ladies to Denver.

In the case of almost every one of the Ladies, extensive dental work was carried out. As might be imagined, this produced a considerable change in their appearances. Another factor contributing to their attractiveness was the new wardrobes they got in the U.S. Some, in fact, were almost regally outfiitted by the local committees. One of the Ladies, seriously underweight when she arrived in December, could boast of an eighteen-pound gain by May. Several others, somewhat overweight when they came, went on a high protein diet and could boast of appropriate reductions. One of the youngest of the group received two marriage proposals within three months after her arrival in the U.S., accepted one of them, was wedded in April, will live in this country and become an American citizen.

The most remarkable change in the group as a whole, to repeat, was in the emotional and psychological regeneration of the Ladies. Symbolic of the new mood, perhaps, is the fact that the group is now more often referred to as the Polish Ladies than the Ravensbrueck Lapins. One of the Ladies told Mrs. Jeanne Benenson, the project executive director: "I don't know how to say it right, but I feel a new kind of electricity running through me." Another gave Miss Caroline Ferriday, who first brought the project to the attention of the Hiroshima Maidens group and who is regarded by the Ladies as a mother of the venture, a letter that described her feelings in these words:

"The welcome at the Detroit airport I will never forget. I was sick and very tired. At a certain moment I met the eyes of Dr. John Dorsey and, under the influence of his expression, a feeling of security came over me unknown since my return from Camp Ravensbrueck. . . . In complete consecration, lovely, smiling Judy Reynolds arrived for us. . . . From the persons with whom we are living and from those we meet, we are continually receiving so many proofs of their sincere friendliness that to the end of my life I am supplied with food for the soul. I regained faith in people. . . ."

If the Polish Ladies felt their experiences here expanded their spiritual horizons, the people with whom they lived could similarly testify to the richness of their own responses. From men and women like Peter Charlton, Marye Myers, Aka Chojnacki, and Sandra Johnston Winter in Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. John P. Frank and Mr. and Mrs. W. Horvitz in Phoenix; Dr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hornbrook in Tampa; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Snellenburg, Jr., and Emilie Bradbury in Philadelphia; Judy Reynolds in Detroit; Dr. Leo Alexander in Boston; Emily M. Danton and Mrs. Mervyn Sterne of Birmingham; Anne Watson, Mary A. Ross and the Reverend and Mrs. Harry B. Scholefield of San Francisco; Alex D. Scott of Denver; Dr. Frank Lepreau, Jr., of Fall River—from all these people, representing the local committees, have come letters telling of their debt to the Polish Ladies. Mrs. Myers has written:

"I watched these four women descend from the plane bearing them from another existence. I watched their faces in the days, weeks, months following. I watched the miracle of faith restored, of love triumphant. And as I told each good-bye, a very real part of me dissolved and went along. It could not be otherwise. As their life was enriched by the goodness of others, so my life has been doubly enriched by the illumination they have brought to me."

Where did the money for the project come from? The National Catholic Welfare Conference provided monthly allowances for the Ladies. The Danforth Foundation and the Albert A. Lasker Foundation gave key grants. The bulk of the funds came from individual contributors, many of them *SR* readers.

WHAT was the high spot of the entire trip? It is difficult for the Ladies to decide. "We have much to choose from," says Maria Grabowska, who kept a detailed journal of the journey. Certainly one of the memories that will stand out for some of the girls has to do with their surprise when they stepped off the plane at Los Angeles and were greeted by Aka Chojnacki. Aka had herself been a fellow prisoner at Ravensbrueck. She had not been part of the particular block at Ravensbrueck where the Lapins were imprisoned because she was an American citizen; but she is credited by the Ladies with having helped to save their lives. One of the first things Aka did after she was released from the camp was to broadcast to the outside world about what was happening at Ravensbrueck. Imagine, then, the depth of feelings the Polish Ladies experienced when they saw Aka approach their plane in Los Angeles.

Among the other memories, no doubt, will be the recent cross-country sight-seeing tour in the weeks preceding the return to Poland. The members of the project's national committee felt it was important that the Ladies see

(*Continued on page* 46)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHERE ARE THE MATURE?

THE EDITORIAL IN the May 16th issue by N. C., entitled "The Desensitization of Twentieth-Century Man," touched a serious problem of our times. I was brought up in a small European town and came to this country as a student at the University of Chicago. I well remember sitting in the classrooms, the peace and quiet of which was sometimes interrupted by sirens of an ambulance or a fire chief's car. The terrible shrieking of sirens always made me sit up and stare through the windows, and feel sorry that somewhere, someone was in trouble!

What is happening to the mature people of our society—the really mature people who are also thought to be the most thoughtful element of our middle class? Just a few days ago I attended a meeting where I reported the latest news I received about some mutual friends of ours behind the Iron Curtain. I told the people gathered for this particular luncheon that several of our friends were in prison; in one case a husband, wife, and son were arrested and convicted for twenty-five, twenty, and fifteen years, respectively. The report was taken without the slightest shock or surprise, and without any expressions of deep concern about our fellow liberals. The only thing that happened was that one member of the group stood up and moved that we give $25 to help these poor victims. It was seconded and voted upon to do so, after which everyone felt happy that they had performed a good and charitable act!

To this kind of indifference I am yet unaccustomed, and as N. C. put it, "we have no right ever to get used to it!" I hope that his editorial will help awaken some of these people who think that with a dollar bill they can heal the wounds of the spirit!

VILMA HARRINGTON.

New York, N. Y.

IS BEHAVIOR WORSE?

THE ANECDOTE N. C. gave us is typical of many such situations. It is distressing to all sensitive persons. But, compared to the past, is individual behavior worse today? I doubt it. Incidentally, wouldn't your anecdote provide an interesting psychological test? Almost everyone would have a somewhat different interpretation of the public reaction you describe.

MAX BERKING.

Rye, N. Y.

AS SERIOUS A THREAT

BEARING OUT THE truth of N. C.'s moving editorial, the following incidents occurred in the Los Angeles area within a fortnight:

A mother strangles her children and buries them in the desert for her lover.

Without notice, a family is dragged bodily from its home by uniformed deputies, then a bulldozer levels the home.

A mob goads a young man into jumping from a roof and is disappointed when he doesn't.

These growing incidences of spiritual alienation, senseless brutality and irrationality are as serious a threat to the future of the race as nuclear devastation.

LAWRENCE LOWREY.

Hollywood, Calif.

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IN THE TV TRADITION

YOUR SENTIMENTAL AND emotionally written tale about the lady who got beaten up in Stamford stirred me in the best TV tradition, and I thought it quite wonderful how you drew such world-shaking conclusions from the incident. After cooling off, however, I realized that the servicemen acted sensibly—for a change—and that you were both legally and emotionally wrong in interfering in a field where you are obviously an amateur. Would you also set a bone for someone if he showed signs of pain? I think you were lucky to get out of *your* predicament in Stamford without both the man *and* woman turning on you for interfering with an experience they both may have needed. It happens that way.

JAMES C. ROSE.

Ridgewood, N. J.

STIMULATING AND SHOCKING

N. C.'S EDITORIAL WAS, as to be expected, both stimulating and shocking. The average American has only a vague, uncomprehending horror of physical pain and death. We read about it in newspapers and hear about it on the radio, to be sure, but we are insulated from the first hand experience of our fathers. We have learned to appreciate the dangers without learning how to deal with them. The law and order we have created in our local institutions have divorced us almost completely from the reality of violence and death and has rendered us incapable of action. But if this is the result of law and order, where can we place the blame?

L. RONALD SCHEMAN.

New York, N. Y.

LITTLE WONDER

CONGRATULATIONS ON your recent editorial, "The Desensitization of the Twentieth-Century Man." Little wonder we have become desensitized in an age when one hears on every side that liberty must be preserved, even if mankind must be annihilated in the process; and when nuclear weapons have been and may again be tested, even though countless thousands of children must pay the price of these tests through bone cancer and leukemia and through deformity in generations yet unborn. Would we have tolerated this insanity twenty years ago? I think not. While it is generally said that the atomic bomb won the war for us in Japan, it is my own belief that in the horror of Hiroshima and Nagasaki the United States lost everything for which it had so nobly fought.

STEPHANIE M. MAY.

Bloomfield, Conn.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Who's the Tops?

MILAN, ITALY.

A FEW years ago when Brecht was still alive, *SR* published a survey that asked leading American playwrights to name their favorite living playwright. From Thornton Wilder came the answer, "Eduardo De Filippo." However, communications being what they are, it was not until today, his fifty-ninth birthday, that Signor De Filippo learned of Mr. Wilder's statement. The author-director-actor was obviously pleased for here in his own country he is dismissed by many as merely a provincial writer of plays in Neapolitan dialect.

Like William Faulkner, whom he somewhat resembles in appearance, S. De Filippo is a vigorous defender of the sort of writer who writes out of the life of his own locality. "I believe," he says, "you can be more universal by going deep than you can by going wide."

Thus, most of his plays take place in Naples, where he has operated a theatre for many years. Broadway has seen only one of these in what S. De Filippo has been told was a poor translation and with its heroine glamorized. Titled "Filumena Marturano" in Naples and "A House in Naples" on Broadway, it is the most popular of his plays here. However, the critics prefer "Questi Fantasmi" ("These Ghosts"), a play that recently shocked England because for two acts it was very funny and then in the third act was discovered to be tragic. But in Italy there is a tradition of grotesque comedy, which mixes the comic and the serious. In this vein, S. De Filippo has just completed two new plays. One, "Fuori Sincrono" ("Out of Synchronization"), is a short piece about a man whose wife has died but whom he believes to be alive. He is told little by little over a one-year period that she is dead, but when he discovers the well-intentioned subterfuge he is furious because he feels he has been deprived of a man's natural right to cry at his wife in death. The other, "The Son of Pulcinella," is a full-length play in which Pulcinella represents the downtrodden common man in contemporary Italy. His son returns from America to help his father and the ending is a positive one in which it is revealed that the mask of slavery which Pulcinella traditionally wears can be removed.

When asked how he himself liked being an Italian in these times, S. De Filippo gives an answer typical of his comi-tragic personality. He says, "If the rest of the world did not exist, I would commit suicide." Part of this attitude may stem from the fact that his plays have been so well received in other European and South American countries. In his native Italy, it has been uphill going and probably only the fact that he has directed and acted in his own plays in his own theatre has made it possible for him to develop into the distinctive playwright he is.

"There is," he explains, "a crisis in the Italian Theatre. Ticket prices are so high that only 30,000 people can afford to go to the theatre. And these people don't want real Italian plays. They want foreign plays or Italian imitations of foreign plays."

S. De Filippo feels this situation is stifling young playwrights and that of them only one, a writer named Zardi, has a promising future. On the other hand, he has no solution to suggest. There is already government and municipal subsidy of theatres but it seems to have no effect on increasing the theatre public.

Nevertheless, S. De Filippo manages to keep very busy acting and directing. With the theatre season now closing down he is currently directing Rossini's "La Pieta di Paragone" at the Piccolo Scala, where he makes a refreshing change for singers long accustomed to unimaginative opera directors. S. De Filippo uses the Method with actors but with singers he tries to invent business for them that comes out of their own personality and style.

No matter how hard he is working, there is always something going on behind his slightly grotesque face, a part of him thinking about something else. Perhaps this is why he can suddenly sit down and write a play in only two weeks, as he did his latest one.

As I left S. De Filippo, I asked him the inevitable question. Who was his favorite living playwright? Very slowly with a growing smile of delight at finding just the right answer to a ridiculously all-encompassing query, he replied, "Thornton Wilder."

—HENRY HEWES.

Summer Refreshments

MANY of the flaws in the recent revival of **"Leave It to Jane"** ought to be forgiven. P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, and Jerome Kern wrote this musical, now at Greenwich Village's Sheridan Square Playhouse, back in 1917.

Adapted by the librettists from George Ade's play, "The College Widow," by 1917 the original play was thirteen years old. It hasn't gotten any younger. Or rather, it's just as childish as ever.

Not that there isn't a great deal of charm, most of it emanating from the music of Jerome Kern. The book doesn't fare so well. But even that should be forgiven; after all it is—or was—Wodehouse and Bolton. There are glimpses of their marvelous touches but for the most part the jokes are forced, the dialogue scholastic, and the lyrics bland. The book wonders if Atwater College (Presbyterian) will beat Bingham (Baptist) at their annual football game. Will Atwater's Jane ensnare the heart and triple-threatedness of Bingham's All-American? Leave it to Jane.

It would have been a brighter evening if director Lawrence Carra had not taken his characters so literally. If he had directed them more broadly, along the lines of the recent "The Boy Friend," the humor would have been more apparent. The lines needed more archness, the players needed to spoof themselves. There was some attempt by Kathleen Murray, George Segal, and Dorothy Greener. It wasn't nearly enough.

But there was a sense of another time—when bamboo canes beat time to a soft-shoe shuffle, when professors wore cutaways, and romantic men in striped blazers courted fair young things to the strum of a banjo.

"Fallout," the new musical revue at the Renata Theatre, is an unpretentious series of skits, vaudeville jokes, and old summer camp blackouts, directed by Harvey Stuart. Its chief joys are the nine young actors, who cavort to the music and lyrics of Martin Charnin, Robert Kessler and Paul Nassau. Unhappily, the material is nowhere up to the level of the performers. Occasionally it was topical and engaging in its spoof of scientists, bullfighters, and the Orient along Broadway. Fred Voelpel's costumes and settings were clever and as lively as the cast. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

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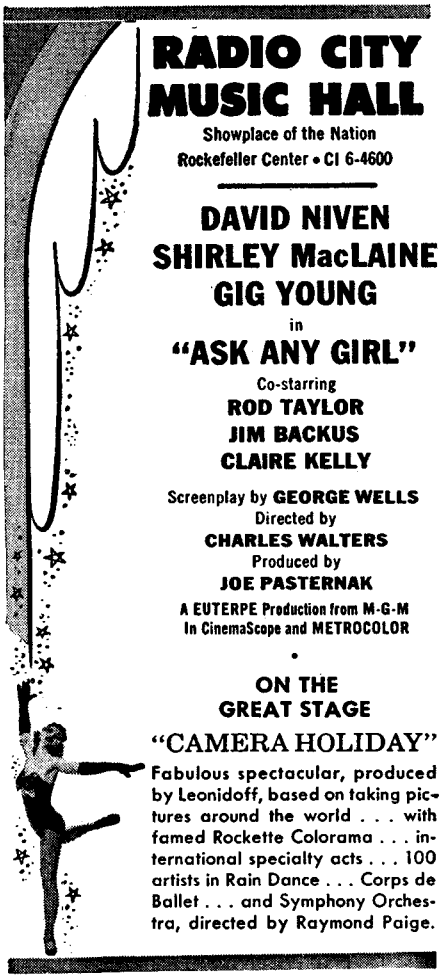

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Ugly Duckling: 1959

THE heroine in **"The Mirror Has Two Faces"** is transformed through plastic surgery from a plain woman to a haunting beauty—or, in other words, to Michele Morgan. One would assume that, as a result of this fantastic circumstance, the woman's husband would be overjoyed. But quite the contrary happens in this French film, directed by the noted André Cayatte ("Justice Is Done" and "We Are All Murderers"). Bourvil, as the husband, upon seeing his wife's new face, goes into a fit of sulks, drinks himself silly, hides the children, and eventually shoots the dastardly surgeon. What exactly is it that causes him to act in this odd manner? Well, he's a pretty homely fellow himself, dull and penurious, who is clever enough to assume that a good-looking wife would sooner or later enough turn unfaithful. Mainly because of his morbid fears, this is exactly what happens.

Since the lovely Michele Morgan is seen all too seldom in movies these days, it is rather a pity that for more than half the picture she must hide behind a putty nose, drooping lips, and a sallow complexion. Oddly enough, she is a better actress as the "first face." Her task here is to show inward beauty, and if you will remember "Symphonie Pastorale" you will know how affecting she can be. Her sensitive, proud soul shines through the routine of laundry, dishes, and diapers, while she copes with her clod of a husband and his cranky mother. Nevertheless, one can hardly wait for the moment when the surgeon will lift the mask.

But as soon as she emerges in full-flowered beauty, Miss Morgan becomes less convincing. For one thing, it is rather doubtful that any plastic surgeon could be that skillful. For another, when she goes home to her tricked husband, it is with much the same attitude that a woman has showing off a new dress. As for Bourvil, the new face develops in him acute symptoms of inferiority. The closer his wife slinks toward him in glamorous negligee the more he cowers in terror. Soon, the poor beautiful wife is driven from her depressing home by her husband's swinishness, and from that point on it is purest soap opera. One may eventually assume that our heroine will finally achieve happiness, even with the handicap of a beautiful face, but there is sufficient warning to susceptible housewives to let their faces remain strictly as they are.

The most surprising thing about the whole business is how Miss Morgan, Bourvil, and André Cayatte managed to get themselves involved in it.

* * *

A French director of obvious skill is Michel Boisrand, who contributed several amusing touches to last year's "La Parisienne," with Brigitte Bardot. His newest is called **"Women Are Weak"**—and the weakness referred to has mainly to do with a pretty young man, Alain Delon, who can't seem to make up his mind between an assortment of handsome girls, including Mylène Demongeot, Pascale Petit, and Jacqueline Sassard. There has been no screen star of any magnitude to come along in recent years who can equal M. Delon in the art of batting eyelashes and wearing low-necked tricot-knit sweaters. The girls rough him up a bit, before he is finally led off to the altar. In spite of his fluffy plot, Boisrand keeps his camera agile, and now and then sneaks in some pictorial jokes. These are a good deal funnier than the lines in the script.

* * *

Two Japanese movies worthy of report: **"Street of Shame,"** which explores conditions in Tokyo's red-light district, the Yoshiwara; and **"The Rikisha-Man,"** which chronicles the life of a lowly fellow with a rough exterior and a heart of proverbial gold. Of the two, "Street of Shame," with Machiko Kyo as one of the girls, is considerably more realistic, and it represents, also, the last work of Kenji Mizoguchi, who directed the classic "Ugetsu." "Street of Shame" makes out a somewhat less than heart-rending case against legalized prostitution (although it is said to have had some effect in influencing recent legislation in Japan against it) and fails to add much stature to the Japanese cinema. On the other hand, "The Rikisha-Man" has poignant moments, stunning color photography, and, unfortunately, a story that would seem to have been written by a Japanese Lloyd C. Douglas.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Spring in Italy

NAPLES.

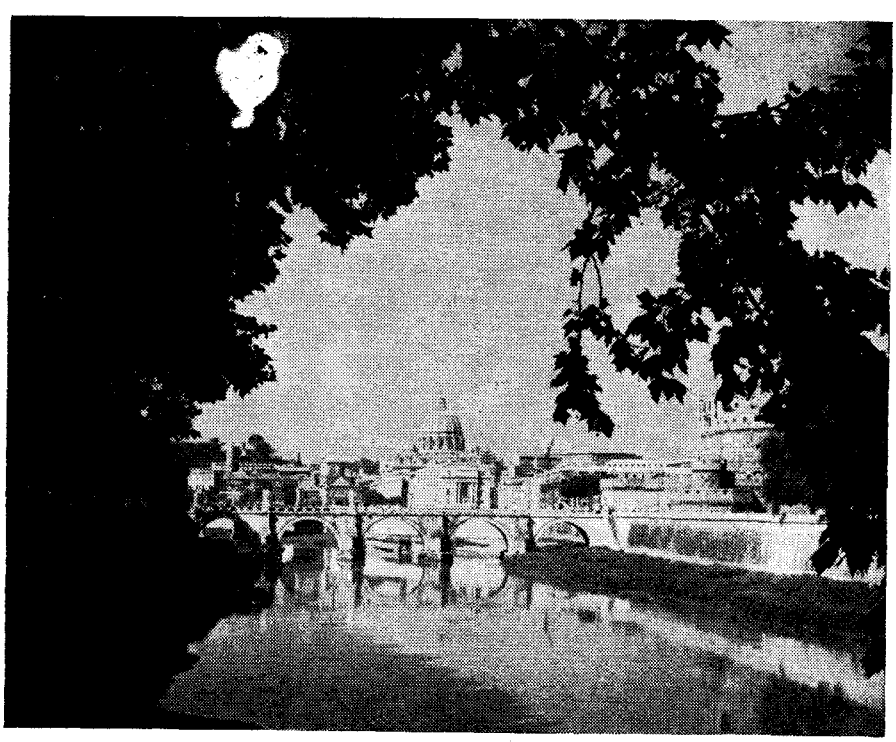
THE BIG Italian bird flapped to a landing at Milan, and rolled up to the striking new airport, which is equipped with some of the latest and strangest of airport appointments. For one thing the Olivetti people, obviously a thoughtful group, have fitted out the place with an assortment of typewriters for the free use of any transient passenger who feels like pecking out a letter home. The bank was offering 620 lire to the dollar, or eight lire more than the money changers in New York. Eight lire won't make you rich, but it is something of a refutation to the claim dispensed so grandly by the foreign currency concerns in the U.S. that by patronizing them you can practically live in Capri for an extra week. There is a nursery on hand, and a barber shop, and should you decide to shave between planes in the elegant marble halls of the men's wash room there is a white-garbed lady attendant on hand who is so fascinated by the performance that she stands and watches. Coffee and *Campari* are served upstairs in quarters so trim and clean of line and clear of color that they seem to embody all that is best in new Italian furniture and design.

Thus refreshed of face and of mind, we boarded Alitalia again for an hour's sleep down the boot, and a landing, on a brilliant spring afternoon at Rome's aging Ciampino airport. A new one is being built for the jets and meanwhile no one is bothering to patch the cracks in the old. We came into Rome over my favorite route, down the Appia Antica, the ancient road of the Romans still paved in isolated sections with original broad cobbles over which the chariots rolled. Giant umbrella pines are canopies over the headless white statuary that stand like mute observers by the side of the road, and picnickers dawdle away sunny Sundays leaning against fragments of columns that supported Caesar's skyscrapers.

The red ruins of Caracalla came up on the port side, awaiting the opening of the operas that are played each summer amid the broken masonry of this nest of bygone bacchanalia. Then the end of the Roman forums loomed on a hillock in front, and we veered right and swung past the Arch of Constantine, which commemorates the occasion when the emperor saw the vision of a white cross in the sky and was thereby converted to the Christian faith. The arch stands alongside the Colosseum where the Christians were never winners, and we swirled around its great circle, following the one-way traffic past the arched portals of the arena and the green canopy of the Ristorante al Gradiatori across the street. Up we came through Via dei Fori Imperiale, with the forums on either side, and the sun gleamed on the white monstrosity built by Victor Emmanuel II. Across the street stood the Palazzo Venezia whose balcony over the square was a favorite podium for the perorations of the Duce.

We came to town in the long Roman siesta that lasts through the sun-filled hours from one until four and the Corso had not as yet coagulated with the Fiats, the Vespas and the Lambrettas. We came to rest at last in the shadow of the Vatican and put up at the new Hotel Michelangelo, a smallish and modern sanctuary where a single room and bath comes to about $8, a rate with which one cannot complain. A double with bath and a terrace with a side view of St. Peter's dome is $15, and the house is equipped, as any outpost like this had better be, with a main-floor restaurant and a large bar in the cellar. It will be especially handy to those whose interests are mainly centered in the Vatican, but I had better warn you it is a twenty-five minute ride in the early evening traffic to the tourist circus that plays daily and nightly along the Via Veneto.

The passing parade and the grandstands along the Via Veneto seem to grow more and more with each passing year. The cafés become more splendid, more numerous, until they stretch now almost in a continuous line from the Excelsior Hotel, that splendid den of *haute monde* activity, clear up to the Villa Borghese on both sides of the street. Although the promenade is favored by many Romans, the Veneto is, to be sure, a bountiful water hole for the jackals who lie in wait for thirsty tourists. The gentlemen who used to peddle plastic cameos and later "Parher" pens, a counterfeit of the old Parker 51, are now at work shilling for girlie-show night clubs, a festivity for which Rome was never famous. Working the Via Veneto crossroads, they sidle up like a French *vendeur* of dirty pictures and hand out flyers advertising night clubs that stay open until three featuring a "Spettacoli di Varietá" where "20 Girls Will Entertain You Every Night." Indeed the advertising for these establishments has become so forceful that the other night a hackie waiting on the Via Veneto for the touristy likes of us refused to take us to the Hostaria dell'Orso, a respectable establishment, because it was "closed." He had in mind another place, with a *spettacoli di varietá*, but we insisted on the Orso, and



—*H. S.*

The Tiber, and across the bridge to the Castel Sant'Angelo, St. Peter's dome.

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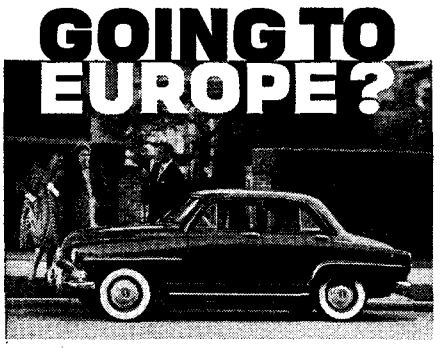

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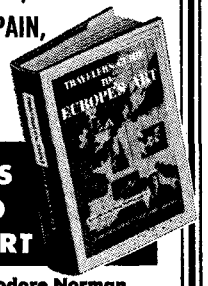

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found it not merely open but going full tilt on all three floors.

It is certainly one of the pleasures of Rome that one can, should one's tastes or curiosity so propel him, tour the high life without plunging into total bankruptcy. The Hostaria seems to be no less popular with Romans than with American visitors. They filled the bar on the first floor, and they flowed upwards, along the flower decked landings and the Renaissance furnishings to the restaurant on the second deck, overlooking the Tiber, and to the Cabala, the night club above. The decor the night I was there included Miss Kim Novak ensconced quietly in a corner. She was present as well the next day with M. and Mme. Novak, her parents from Chicago, when at midday we arrived at Passetto's for lunch. To my mind Passetto is probably the best restaurant in Rome and when the tides take me there, which is perhaps once every two or three years, it becomes a state occasion. In company with Messrs. James Cannon and Red Smith, whose appetites are honed by the exquisite standards of press-box cuisine, we went the route. From apéritif to tip the tab came to about $4 apiece and I admit to a smug moment reflecting on the Colony in New York, an establishment of comparative elegance, where bread and butter, obligatory at that, costs eighty cents. To settle the Roman artichokes, which are in season, the baby roast lamb, a Roman specialty, and mountains of tiny wild strawberries afloat in orange juice, we strolled around the corner to renew an old acquaintance with the Piazza Navona, a public square which, in its salad days, was the stadium of Domitian, an arena with seats for 30,000. The church of St. Agnes in Agone by Borromini looks down on the fountain of the square, a work of Bernini. The two sculptors entered into a controversy in marble. The church looked to Bernini as if it were about to topple into the square, so he added a figure to his group around the fountain, with its hand upraised as if about to ward off a blow. This bit of caprice in stone nettled Borromini, who added a figure to the front of his church which seems to express the answer: I'm not going to fall at all.

We spent a modest evening in the Biblioteca delle Valle, which is a very good restaurant lined with bottles where you might expect the books in a Biblioteca to be. There are strolling musicians and others who are implanted, more or less permanently, for those who wish to dance. The rage, these late spring days, is "Ciao, Ciao, Bambina" written by the same composer who infected the Western world with Volare of recent vintage. Perhaps I hadn't ought to qualify the worlds into which Volare has penetrated, for come to think of it, I heard it being sung in Russian last winter in an ancient square in Samarkand.

For another side of Rome we crossed into the old quarter of Trastevere on another evening to a tiny *boîte* with a big garden called Romolo. The garden season has begun and surrounded by ivied walls and serenaded by a lone and educated guitar we worked our way through the *tortellini* in *brodo*, broiled prawns served eyes and all, thin slivers of *piccata*, and a bulbous bottle of *rosatello*, a handsome rosé that never

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seems to be available in the States.

Rome's railroad station is a gigantic but well-ordered maelstrom of scurrying people and baggage, and it is perhaps the only railroad station in the world where the side walls are glass so that travelers can enjoy the view of an elderly Roman relic that happens to lie immediately alongside. We took the *rapido*, or express for Naples, and passed the time gazing at the fields of electric-orange poppies sometimes intermingled with buttercups to make a sunburst carpet. Failing to move with alacrity at the first tinkle of the bell announcing the dining-car service we were without lunch and were required to fall back on sandwiches and a carafe of wine. I include this intelligence for the benefit of those carnivores who will be aboard the European rattlers this summer.

NAPLES, on a skimpy lunch on a hot afternoon, grates harshly on the nerves. The railroad station there, now being rebuilt, is a dusty ruin and the porters fall on each other and on one's baggage like alley cats scrabbling over a fish head. Although the price per piece of luggage is fixed at eighty lire, it is sort of a compromise with a porter's personal honor to accept merely the fixed rate. The ride along the bay, however, soothed the soul, and our establishment, ultimately, in seaside quarters in the handsome Excelsior, was a return to tranquility. Out the terrace window sailboats played in the Bay of Naples frolicking around the walls of old castles. And at night the *carrozzas* clattered over the rough cobbles fetching travelers to the waterside restaurants of Transatlantico and Zi Teresa. Tiny fishing boats, a hundred of them perhaps, were mothered in the arms of a rocky breakwater, and the lights of the night in Naples ran in a soft curving line around the famous bay. They ran as well in a straight and true line up the side of Vesuvius marking the route of the chair lift up the sides of the old volcano that long ago had buried Pompeii and stopped a civilization dead in time. The sun came early the next morning and I went in bare feet to meet it on my balcony at the Excelsior. The sailboats were already up and about, flitting around the harbor. Down along the quays I could see the stacks of the *Constitution*, which had already disgorged its passengers and lay panting after the run from New York. Along the piers people scurried to the boats taking them off to Sorrento, to Ischia, and to Capri that waited patiently out in the bright blue, even as it had waited long ago for Tiberias. —HORACE SUTTON.

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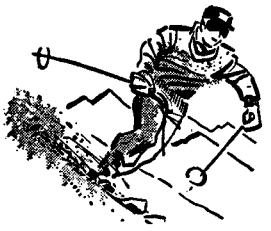

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TV AND RADIO

One More Summer

THE end of TV's first decade finds a great number of people, in and out of the broadcasting industry, at an all-time low about the "state of the art." These people are, at least, as seriously concerned about the medium's cultural and educational behavior as they are about its entertainment value and economic service to the nation. For ten years they have pleaded with, prodded, and generally harassed the decision-makers among the broadcasters and their advertisers, hoping for some significant raising of tone and content in the medium—without any conspicuous success. The economic realities of a highly competitive and costly medium of communication are still overwhelmingly in possession of the battleground, and thus they give every promise of continuing—and of growing even stronger.

The crescendo of exterior verbalized protest against TV, combined with the symptomatic interior disagreement as evidenced and climaxed by the "leaves of absence" from journalistic duty of such distinguished news analysts as Edward R. Murrow and Eric Sevareid have had some effect. CBS has promised to break loose some prime evening time for special, hour-long informational shows next fall. NBC, not to be outdone, quickly followed with a commitment to Friday nights next season as the window for "top budget, top quality specials, including 'news-in-depth' programs." One can be grateful for familiar small favors but at the same time cautious in optimism. CBS, in a flurry of post-World War II public service zeal, scheduled some prime time radio documentaries. The zeal may have remained but the practice faded.

Frank Stanton, president of CBS, attempting to see TV in perspective recently, in his address at Ohio State University said that he expected TV to "grow considerably and at a comparatively fast pace as a vehicle of the arts, of culture generally or of information." One day later, at the same Institute for Education by Radio-Television, John P. Cunningham, chairman of the board of Cunningham & Walsh Inc., a New York advertising agency, candidly explained "why the networks *cannot* give up considerable portions of prime time to educational or cultural programs; why advertisers cannot upgrade their TV programs culturally to any great degree without violating their responsibility to their stockholders and their obligation to produce sales; and why advertising agencies cannot recommend large removals of their clients' advertising monies into cultural TV without violating their trust as custodians of their clients' money."

Mr. Cunningham then went on to suggest that, "for their own ultimate selfish good" the commercial people must help to establish a "nationwide twenty-four-hour-a-day Educational Television Network." But out of a total of 257 channels reserved by the FCC for educational TV stations, only thirty-five have been activated, and only twenty-seven of these are VHF stations (Channels two to thirteen). Two-thirds of the allocations are UHF (Channels fourteen to eighty-three). A recent FCC report wrestled with the complexities of the spectrum dilemma; and Congress plans to hold hearings on it. But as Jack Gould commented in *The New York Times*, "such are the fantastic stakes in the present pattern of TV that realistically it may be impossible to break out of the status quo."

WE SEEM to have reached, then, a point of frustration, stalemate and dead center. What should be the attitude of the culturally concerned in television's second decade? Is there realistically no way out? Is our national value system so firmly imbedded in the business tradition that any proposal to refashion the Communications Act and modify the present structure and responsibility pattern of broadcasting would never be given serious consideration by the people and their representatives in Congress? This may very well be true. The debate goes in an atmosphere that seems to take for granted our current commercial concept of broadcasting. No challenge is ever made to the fundamental premise. Should such a challenge be made? Are the American people—with a generation of commercial broadcasting experience behind them—ready for it?

If not—should an effort be made to establish, either directly through, or with the help of the Federal Government, an alternative system to the commercial one? In England, the people were able to break the BBC monopoly and win the ITA commercial alternative. Can the achievement be reversed here in the United States? If either a modification of the present system, or the creation of a non-commercial competitor to it is impractical, is there any further point in continuing a critical guerrilla warfare against the commercial broadcasters? Shall those who are concerned with broader meanings in our culture than economics and entertainment—bread and circuses—accept the current inevitability with good grace and retire from the struggle, leaving the field to the suspect rationalizations of the defendants of the status quo? If, as Mr. Stanton affirms, TV *must* be a reflection of a heterogeneous society, must we wait for history to bring great changes in our society before its broadcasting image can be changed? Sir Herbert Read suggests that we have no other choice, in a sensitive and perceptive article in a recent issue of *The* [BBC] *Listener*.

"Mankind," he writes, "will perhaps grow tired of its playthings and cast them aside; universal boredom will lead to universal despair, and art will be renewed when life itself has to be renewed." To make a stoical withdrawal, however, would seem to be immoral, if any real possibility for contemporary change does exist. Before this question can be answered there must first be a calm, unemotional recognition of the dead end to which we have come. Some concerted, organized effort ought to be made to discover whether there is consensus among the friends of alternative broadcasting about this recognition. The groups and individuals concerned with this matter operate more or less autonomously.

Norman Cousins, *SR*'s editor, has stated that the minority can wield leadership power. Is it time, then, for "the minority" to find out where it stands; and if it finds it stands for some kind of influence on our lawmakers, to move towards the consequences of such a discovery? How such a national convocation can come about, under whose auspices, and paid for by whom, is an open question. Perhaps an educational establishment should lead; perhaps a foundation would underwrite. Perhaps even *SR* might lend a hand. Summit conferences are everywhere in the air. Many people hold dim views of their results. Who can tell what good might come out of a non-commercial, culturally oriented "meeting at a summit?" What harm can there be in minds with common hopes thinking together on it? Thinking as individuals and as small, isolated groups they are fragments. Thinking together, they may decide to become a moving wave or a still forest. They will be the richer for having thought—and decided. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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FOREIGN VISTAS

Something of the Long Forgotten

"The Godstone and the Blackymor," by T. H. White *(Putnam. 225 pp. $3.95), has to do with fairy fires, falconing, and the fey of Connemara. Dublin-born Leonard Wibberly wrote "The Trouble with the Irish" and "The Coming of the Green," as well as "No Garlic in the Soup."*

By Leonard Wibberley

THESE are the days of the decay of prose, days when loose, drool-mouthed, repetitious, rambling, untidy, unparsable, unintelligent, and incomprehensible sentences and paragraphs and indeed novels are hailed as masterstrokes of expression.

It is a great relief, in such melancholy times, to turn to a book by a writer of competence and be reminded that English is a tongue with which may readily be captured those wisps of feeling and thought that elude the clumsy gropings of the earnest but unskilled.

Such a book and such a writer is "The Godstone and the Blackymor," by T. H. White. The style is beyond criticism; quite as pure as the best of Addison. And the mind that controls the style is educated and intelligent, humorous, reflective, and entirely engaging.

"The Godstone and the Blackymor" takes the author of "The Once and Future King" to Ireland—not the Ireland of Dublin with its river beauty and howling slums, nor the Ireland of Cork, which is a bustling, laughing Ireland, but to the Ireland of the far west, where there still lingers something of the prehistoric, something of the long-forgotten story of Celt and pre-Celt. You may feel it in the air of Connemara and see it in the stones of the old forts built on the edge of the world in the Aran Islands.

One particular stone (not from a fort) fascinated Mr. White. It was a stone cast by a priest into the sea as an unclean and scandalous thing, a stone which it was said the Irish at one time, and indeed until quite recently, worshipped. It was called the *naomhóg* (pronounced neevogue) and such are the possibilities of Gaelic that the name can be translated as "the little holy one" or "the little heavenly one" or "the not young one," which of course would mean "the old one." Call it the Godstone.

Having heard of this stone, the author set out to uncover all he could of it, for he is an Englishman and the English are so afraid of wonder that they must constantly prove that it is not there.

The account of his search for the stone, the methods used and the opposition met, are excellently told and I will not mar the reader's delight by revealing what was the end result. As for the Blackymor of the title, here is an entrancing account of the utter loneliness and strangeness of a Negro selling patent medicines in white, Catholic, alien Ireland.

But there is much more in this book than the two subjects touched on in the title. There is, of course, a fascinating chapter on falconing, and another on a remote island off the Irish coast, inhabited—or perhaps haunted is the word—by a witch bird; and an account of the fairy fire which sometimes glows in the footsteps of those who walk the Connemara bogs at night. There is a poignant account of the death of a man of whom it might be said that he never really lived, and a discussion of Irish wakes, and more and more again. None of this is whimsy or phantasy but has the plain shout of truth.

When you come to the end of this book you understand a great deal about one part of Ireland. You understand also a great deal about the author and sorrow deeply for him that, loving birds, he trains them to strike their fellows from the sky and neatly eat out their brains.

Only the last chapter is poor—a stilted, pseudo-discussion on the history of the English in Ireland. On that head only one thing requires to be said; that the Irish do not wish to be English, for which the English can never forgive them.

IN THE HINDU KUSH: The peculiar impetus which carried Eric Newby from an *haute couture* establishment in Mayfair to one of the most remote and inhospitable areas in the world was undoubtedly an unreasonable, romantic longing to go somewhere no one else had been. **"A Short Walk"** (Doubleday, $4.50) is the story of his expedition, undertaken with his friend Hugh Carless, to investigate the northwest corner of Afghanistan. In the Hindu Kush mountains the trails of Nuristan had once been marked by Alexander, Genghis Khan, and Tamerlane, but since then it has not exactly been a raving success as a tourist attraction. Indeed, the last Englishman went to Nuristan in 1891.

The adventure was in keeping with the long tradition of eccentricity among English travelers, but was also inspired by the high amateurism of two foolhardy and unprepared young men. Their goal was to climb Mir

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MAN PROPOSES

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1. "Miss D——, I really am in that state of adoration of you that I don't know what to do with myself."
2. "It is because you are to me the chief woman in the world, the throned lady whose colours I carry between my heart and my armour."
3. "Couldn't you take me on trial, while you are waiting for the true hero? You could be practising on me in ways that would be useful when you get him."
4. "Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity."
5. "Hear my blunt speech. Grant me this maid
   To wife, thy counsel to mine aid."
6. "I won't say that if you refuse me you'll kill me; I shall not die of it. But I shall do worse; I shall live to no purpose."
7. "Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."
8. "I offer myself to you again with a heart even more your own than when you almost broke it, eight years and a half ago."
9. "I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you."
10. "Jane, will you marry me?" "Yes, sir."

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Samir, a rugged peak of some 20,000 feet. The previous climbing experience of the pair was limited to just four days in Wales, under the tutelage of the hotel waitress and, as Newby says, to his occasional scrambling in the Dolomites, where he had never failed to encounter ladies twice his age armed with umbrellas.

With three Afghans who regarded the whole undertaking with extreme reserve in charge of their pack horses, they succeeded in exploring the Panjshir Valley, but they failed on the mountain for it proved to be composed of rotting granite. There was no time for the necessary acclimatization, though the long journey by Land Rover from Istanbul to Kabul had already introduced them to persistent dysentery and a host of other ills. On their incredible return to Kabul from Nuristan, ill, half-starved, Newby's feet cut to ribbons since the first day out, they met up with the Orientalist Wilfred Thesiger, a man renowned for his toughness as well as erudition. Thesiger was just leaving Kabul for the hinterland and the two parties decided to spend the night together. As Carless and Newby, with their last exhausted breath, attempted to blow up their air mattresses to separate themselves from the stony ground, Thesiger inquired in a shocked, disdainful voice if they had always been so effeminate. *Sic transit gloria.*

"A Short Walk" is immensely literate and one of the most unusual exploration books of recent years. What's more, it's an extremely witty and funny book.

—JEANETTE WAKIN.

DEVIL'S ISLAND: Doubly damned were the convicts of the penal colony in French Guiana, for, having served their terms, they usually were subject to the "doublage" or the same length of time as "libérés," confined to the country before being permitted to return home. They were not, as William Willis, the author of **"Damned and Damned Again"** (St. Martin's Press, $3.95) assumes, obliged to spend their lives there.

Mr. Willis is an adventurer, a seaman primarily, who once crossed the Pacific alone in a small boat, and in this story recounts the tale of his struggles to effect the escape of Bernard Carnot, who had been sentenced to that sinister settlement for beating up a French attorney. Quixotically, he went to Dutch Guiana first, posing as a gold miner, then traveled up and down a stretch of the Maroni River, on both French and Dutch sides of it, now disguised as a libéré, searching for his man. Traveling with the ex-convict Jules, the heat, the insects, the diseases plagued him, and he was in constant danger of escaped criminals who might murder him simply for the gold in his teeth. The howling monkeys frayed his nerves, and a bloody fight with a convict leper might easily have been disastrous. Eventually he found his broken man and shipped him to the safety of Brazil.

There are terrifying tales here, credibly told, but, now that the whole penal settlement has been officially closed, it is high time to point out that *nobody* has ever escaped from Devil's Island, which is one of three islands off the coast of French Guiana—despite the ballyhoo of René Belbenoit and others who have maintained they did so. There never was a guillotine on Devil's Island, never a murderer; it was the place of confinement only for a very few toney traitors like Captain Benjamin Ullmo and the innocent Dreyfus. Murderers and thieves were kept on the neighboring islands of Royale and St. Joseph or the mainland, where the horrors did unquestionably exist.

—HASSOLDT DAVIS.

SOCOTRAN SOCIETY: **"Island of the Dragon's Blood,"** by Douglas Botting (Wilfred Funk, $3.95), is the absorbing account of a two-month expedition to the island of Socotra south of the Arabian Peninsula. The title, it should be noted, refers not to any momentous scientific discovery, but to a tree that grows on the island.

The six-man team of young scientists that comprised the Oxford University Expedition was the first to visit the island of Socotra since 1899. They found much to do there among a strange and little-known community of 3,000, the remnants of an ancient and vanished race. One of their main tasks was to find out something about the racial origins and history of both the bedouins and the aboriginal cave-dwellers of the island, and they kept themselves busy taking innumerable blood samples, measuring heads, collecting specimens of primitive forms of plant and animal life, and recording the language. The Socotrans are neither really Muslim, nor Christians as their ancestors had been before fierce Arabian tribes swept down and terrified them into accepting Islam. Witchcraft and trial by fire and compurgation are still widespread, as are some practices of the most primitive societies. Their language still remains pure, bearing a remarkable similarity to Sabaean, the language of the Queen of Sheba. It is Mr. Botting's description of these and similar aspects of Socotran society that gives his book an importance beyond that of first-rate entertainment.

—J. W.

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Fiction

Continued from page 21

enough, and bugs out of New York for a period of wandering and soul-searching.

Its merits as entertainment aside, the book is both interesting and unsatisfying as a depiction of the erosion of a man's character. Carl becomes more and more passive as the story goes on, pushed into success by Ira, drifting into failure and out of marriage, he finally drifts out of sight.

Mr. McLaughlin unlike many novelists dealing with this problem and *milieu*, has chosen to look at them morally rather than psychologically; however, the moral standpoint he uses is Carl's. This is a mixture of the ruins of childhood training, magical thinking, and sentimentality; it both obscures any useful insight into the characters' motives and renders implausible the suggested hope for Carl's regeneration. —D. R. BENSEN.

LOVABLE EDDIE: Even if there are any sixteen-year-old boys who resemble Eddie Quillen, the hero of Curtis Johnson's **"Hobbledehoy's Hero"** (Pennington, $5), then Mr. Johnson still seems guilty of generalizing about them; and he hasn't written his novel about any particular boy's experiences. But I truly doubt if there could be boys just like Eddie, because Mr. Johnson has taken such pains to typify him.

This is surprising, too, because "Hobbledehoy's Hero" is written in the first person—a manner that not only J. D. Salinger but Mark Twain, Chandler Brossard, and even Booth Tarkington have used with striking particularity to present their own notions of the adolescent personality. Maybe Mr. Johnson was worrying too much about his manner and his jargon without ever diligently concerning himself with Eddie Quillen and his growing pains. The results, for this reader, were invariably a feeling of tired predictability about what people were going to say and do and think and feel. I kept hoping that Eddie would want to do something extraordinary like writing a sonnet, falling in love, or studying the contra-bassoon. But with Eddie—lovable, misunderstood Eddie—it was always just SEX, SEX, SEX, so that, after a while, I began to suspect that he and Mr. Johnson weren't being entirely frank with me. That was a bit disturbing too, because if I couldn't trust a nice American boy like Eddie Quillen to be frank, what could he be, I wondered.

—RICHARD M. ELMAN.

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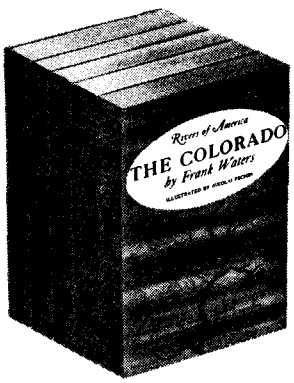

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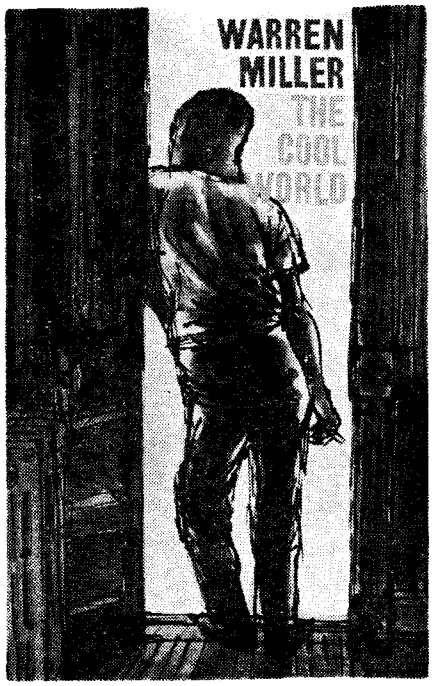
Out of the Sun

Continued from page 18

the book's great success. He knows the "cool world" is a jungle. Even the gangs are named for animals. He has a recurrent nightmare about a lion devouring New York. When the head of the gang succumbs to addiction and crawls on all fours Duke says, "You finely made it you an animal at last." And that is why he really wants the gun. It's more than wanting to be somebody. "When you have a gun," Duke says, "then you aint no animal any more. You a hunter an can stand tall . . ." What Duke is searching for is assurance that the beast lurking in the jungle is not Duke Custis.

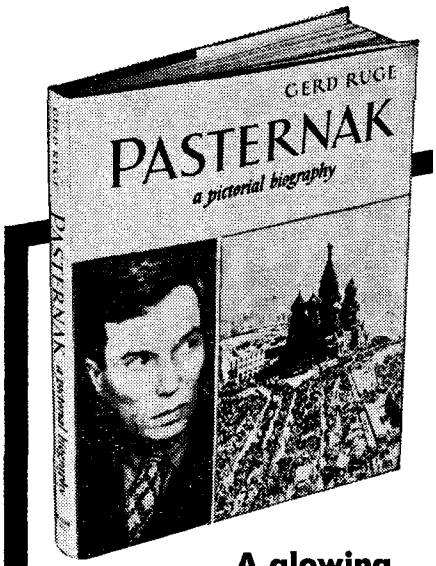
But there are two Duke Custises. One is pitiful, wanting power he doesn't need and can't use, a hoodlum in whom intelligence has curdled to cunning. But there's another Duke, who like all children was born "turned towards the light" and still dimly perceives it. This Duke is capable of wonder and curiosity and in his perceptions of irony and in his attitudes recalls Holden Caulfield. He is not passive, he struggles to free himself, struggles with dignity towards the good. When they drag him off towards the end, he cries, "It aint me. I two people an this one aint me."

I hope the Mayor and the Governor read this book. It's no "cool world." It's a jungle and it's hot, hot with violence and deep down, out of the sun, down where the fear is, it's cold: "cold as any stone."



—*From the jacket.*

"... searching for assurance that the beast lurking in the jungle is not Duke Custis."



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DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

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American Scene

Continued from page 23

and condition of getters-away-from. Founders of new sects have always attracted followers, and so have adherents of assorted heavens on earth. Both the ostensibly holy and the declaredly unholy were as one in so far as the basic principle was concerned: all must share alike, both the labor they gave and the goods they produced. Toward the sex problem differing views were entertained, all the way from the total celibacy of the Shakers to the promiscuity of the less dedicated groups. Everett Webber has told the story of all of them in **"Escape to Utopia"** (Hastings House, $5.50), the newest unit in the American Procession Series. Mr. Webber has resisted (if he ever felt) the temptation to be funny (or, worse yet, whimsical); his narrative is factual and unfootnoted (but there is an adequate bibliography). If you want to find out about the Pantisocrats, the Winchellites, the Rappists, the four Phalanxes (Brook Farm was one), the Millerites, the Dorrilites, and dozens of others, this is the place to come.

SUBTITLED "The Dramatic Opening of the American Revolution," Leonard Falkner's **"Forge of Liberty"** (Dutton, $4.50) covers the period from the late winter of 1775 to the spring of 1776, with particular stress on Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, which are examined and described in careful and vivid detail. There are pages in Mr. Falkner's brisk narrative which are as studded with dialogue as an open-face novel, but he gives the reader forthright assurance that "the words the various characters speak are the very words they said or the words their contemporaries report them to have said." Mr. Falkner does a nice job of taking his audience behind the scenes in both camps; he demonstrates how loose British security precautions were, and how alert and even professional was American intelligence machinery. His people are credible and alive; consider Captain (as he then was) Henry Knox, Boston bookseller, who "learned the science of artillery warfare by reading the military manuals he had stocked for his British customers."

In 1858 Photographer Mathew Brady put a Scot named Alexander Gardner in charge of his Washington "gallery." When the Civil War began, both experts went into the field, with Gardner accompanying the Army of the Potomac. It was Gardner who took the famous picture of Lincoln at

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McClellan's headquarters after Antietam in October, 1862—a photograph usually reproduced with McClellan's staff cropped out (a photograph, too, usually attributed to Brady). In 1863 Gardner set up his own Washington gallery and won fame as portraitist of the President. In 1866 Gardner assembled 100 views (those that he regarded as his best, certainly) and had them published in two volumes as "Gardner's Photographic Sketch Book of the War." There was no half-tone process then; the contents were original contact prints, and the edition could not have been large. The collection now appears in a single volume as **"Gardner's Photographic Sketch Book of the Civil War"** (Dover Publications, $6) with an introduction by E. F. Bleiler. Each illustration measures just shy of 7 x 9 inches; each has a page to itself, and facing it is Gardner's own descriptive summary, which sometimes runs to 500 words. This first published collection of Civil War photographs well merited restoration, and the task has been accomplished handsomely and effectively. The reader (or viewer) will find some happy surprises. Such as the identification, in one informal group of officers, of "Count Zeppalin, of the Prussian army."

Lieutenant Robert A. Moore of the 17th Mississippi was killed in action before Chickamauga on September 20, 1863: he was twenty-five years old. The last entry in his diary was dated the preceding day. He had begun it, as a rookie private, on May 21, 1861. Its publication in book form on the eve of the grand centennial now assures him a legitimate and deserved immortality: **"A Life for the Confederacy"** (McCowat-Mercer Press, Inc., Jackson, Tenn., $4), edited by James W. Silver. Moore was a competent chronicler of camp, campaign, and hospital bits and pieces, and he knew a joke when he saw one: "Seventy-four prisoners passed here today going to Richmond. One of the prisoners said his Cpt. never told him the truth but once in his life & that was when he told him he would be in Richmond in a few days." Mr. Silver's notes are crisp and pertinent. Moore's description of the Confederate victory at Ball's Bluff, on the Potomac near Leesburg, Va., October 21, 1861, is vivid and detailed; Mr. Silver characterizes it as "a surprisingly accurate account." This was the engagement in which Justice-to-be Oliver Wendell Holmes received the first of the three wounds he suffered during his period of active service. It is possible that the bullets he stopped came from Private Moore's rifle.

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combined their skills and their familiarity with investigative techniques to produce a scientific book on a nonscientific subject: **"Water Witching U.S.A."** (University of Chicago Press, $4.95), by Evon Z. Vogt and Ray Hyman. The authors accept the premises that dowsing has been practised for centuries, that several million Americans believe that it works (the late Kenneth Roberts wrote three books about it), and that several thousand Americans regard themselves as more or less licensed operators. Much of the data analyzed was obtained by means of a detailed questionnaire which was addressed to county agricultural extension agents (by way of thank-you note, the book is dedicated to all of them). The chapter "Why Does the Rod Move?" (written, presumably, by Dr. Hyman) will not provide reassurance for true believers. The authors asked H. E. Thomas of the United States Geological Survey to contribute a terminal paper on scientific water location; he admits that "the scientist can see no farther below the ground than the next person." Drs. Vogt and Hyman are not concerned with increasing the nation's water supply; they are concerned with the persistence of a faith in magic in contemporary American society.

LOUIS C. JONES doesn't believe in ghosts, but he believes in ghost stories, and he believes in people who believe in ghost stories. Lacking these beliefs, he would never have got down to writing **"Things That Go Bump in the Night"** (Hill & Wang, $3.75), a collection of some 200 ghost and allied stories located for the most part in upstate New York. In 1940 Mr. Jones, then on the faculty of New York State College for Teachers at Albany (he now directs the Farmers' Museum and Fenimore House at Cooperstown), inherited from Professor Harold W. Thompson (who was off for Cornell) a course listed as "Eng. 40: American Folklore." He taught it for six years or, as he pleasantly puts it, "more than a thousand students and I taught each other." His book is designed as entertainment, and highly entertaining it is, but it is also a valuable contribution to what were called "popular antiquities" until, in 1846, William John Thoms invented the word folklore.

Itasca, the Minnesota lake which is the source of the Mississippi River, is not Indian talk: the name is hidden in *veritas caput*, the "true head," as a highbrow exploring party christened it in 1832. Spanish moss is not a true moss but a member of the pineapple family. The spoonbill catfish is not a true catfish; it is a living fossil whose next of kin inhabits the Yangtse

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Kiang. Baby wood ducks are not fed in the nest (which may be forty feet up in a hole in a sycamore); they simply fall to the ground, follow mother to the old swimming hole, and start eating. These are a few of the nuggets of natural history to be picked up in Virginia S. Eifert's **"River World"** (Dodd, Mead, $4), which carries the amplifying subtitle "Wild Life on the Mississippi." Miss Eifert traveled more than 6,000 miles by towboat and passenger steamer up and down 2,552 miles of river to write this delightful book, which explores every form of animate and inanimate life lived in about every variety of climate, with particular stress on birds, fish, snakes, flowers, trees (there are very few quadrupeds, but this is a water, or water-and-shore, book, and there are virtually no bipeds). There are pleasant black-and-white chapter headings by the author.

AND so back to the frontier once more, but a different frontier. In 1909 the Hill Publishing Company of New York put out a book called "Principles of Mining." It was written by Herbert C. Hoover, and it is still in print. In 1958 the McGraw-Hill Book Company published "The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson," by Herbert Hoover. And now in 1959 the McGraw-Hill Book Company publishes **"Endless Frontiers: Story of McGraw-Hill"** ($7.50), by Roger Burlingame—a handsome, lavishly illustrated, rapid-fire chronicle detailing the history of a pioneer house in the field of business and industrial publishing, both periodicals and books. The original McGraw was James H., born in Panama, N. Y., in 1860; the original Hill was John A., born in Sandgate, N. Y., in 1858. The McGraw Publishing Company was incorporated in 1899, the Hill Publishing Company in 1902. (Both principals had by this time acquired substantial backgrounds of experience in the technical magazine field.) The McGraw and Hill interests were united in the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company in 1917 (Hill had died in 1916); at that date the McGraw company was issuing six trade periodicals, the Hill company five. The latest McGraw-Hill periodical is *Space Technology*; it began its career, a year before Russia's first sputnik was launched, as *Missile Engineering*. McGraw-Hill has also done very well with trade books (and the word trade in trade books means just the opposite of the word trade in trade magazines). One of their book authors is James Boswell, the celebrated Scots electronics engineer, and friend of the even more celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, dean of English petroleum processors.

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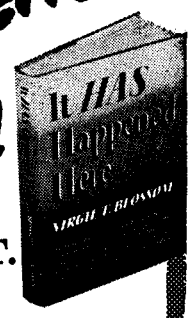

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Trail Signs

Continued from page 15

Fischer, editor-in-chief at *Harper's* magazine and a native Oklahoman. "My guess," he said, "is that most of the good writing about the West during the next few years will develop along different lines—history, sociology, regional economics, and fiction of the more serious and original type, such as A. B. Guthrie's, Alan LeMay's and Harold Sinclair's."

This by no means bodes any baritone solos over the corpse of the Publishers' Row prototype. The book racks are aflame with them. One sterling example of the tried-and-true this season is Nelson Nye's **"Long Run"** (Macmillan, $2.50). Patly, Will Howlett rides in from Texas, happens on the brutal boss of Blind Mule, who's faked up with a Federal Marshal's badge. Reluctantly, Will goes to work. Justice does just fine. So do Will and the pert, titian-haired lady who owns Star Cross Ranch. "Long Run," Nelson Nye's sixty-fourth Western, is honest, clean, exciting, and very much of the saga pattern.

The "adult Western" is something else again. "Whether it's an improvement over its more romanticized predecessors is a moot question," writes S. Omar Barker. "The term 'adult' usually refers to a franker handling of sex relationships. Unfortunately, in some instances this has resulted in a false transference of the free and easy social mores of today into an earlier period, thus bypassing the essential authenticity of pioneer speech, behavior, and custom."

Frank Davis Adams's **"The Life and Times of Buckshot South"** (Dutton, $3.75) fits this pattern. Laura, a Denver schoolteacher from an "old" New Jersey family, follows the lustful life to New York, Buenos Aires, and Bolivia with two gunmen on the lam. Aaron Cosgrove, the relentless pursued (courtesy Starling Detective Agency), is a rejected suitor of Laura's mama with high—well, moderately high—ideals.

Dr. Adams, a former English professor and lexicographer, doubtlessly had great fun swatting this one. Both text and blurb neglected to acknowledge the remarkable parallels between this story and the brutal gun-spree of "Butch" Cassidy, the "Sundance Kid," and ex-schoolteacher Etta Place across Peru, Bolivia, and Chile after the break-up of the Cassidy-Kid Curry "Hole in the Wall" gang in 1901. The "originals" didn't rate the qualities that Dr. Adams rigs on his Buckshot, Phineas Courtney, and

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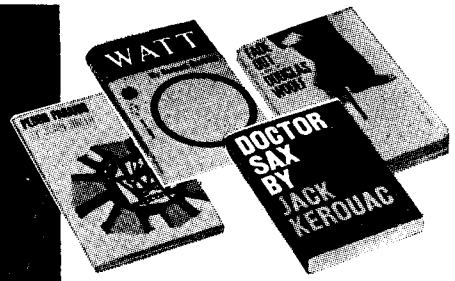

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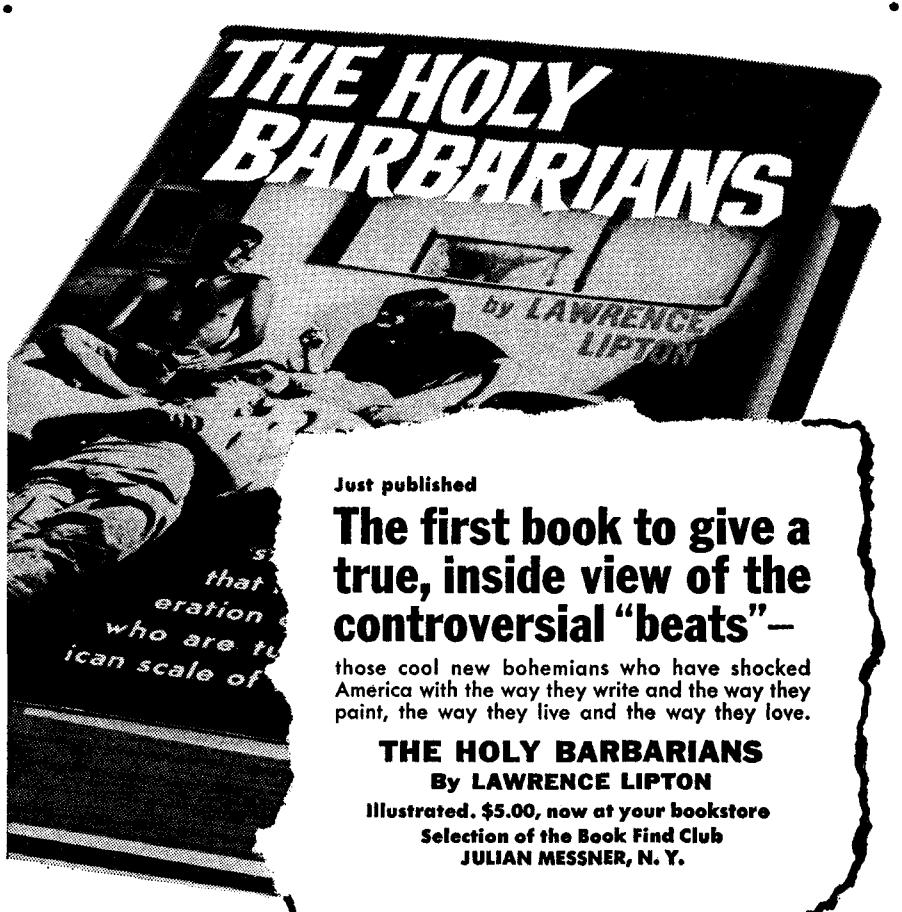

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Laura Morse. Frank Dimaio, the Pinkerton agent who trailed Cassidy, "Sundance Kid" Longbaugh, and their paramour through South America for a year, bore no father-complex about the Bourbon-loving Etta Place. This book has more switchbacks than a Trans-Andean railroad, yet has fun-reading merit for the sophisticate.

The type of "adult Western" needed in the field shapes up delightfully in Geoffrey Cotterell's **"Errand at Shadow Creek"** (Lippincott, $3.95). The locale is the bush towns of Victoria and North Territory in Australia. But the "fix" is High Plains—USA in mood and flavor. Charlie Anderson, a battered London bachelor, starts life anew in modern Australia. Writing and pace are crisp; characters are succinct; the wit is dry but heady; the sex interest is actually adult. Again, as in "The Scarlet Feather," characters and situations are in tune with actualities of the American West.

Down the Western's trail wait the Pony Express Centennial (1960-61), the Sioux Uprising Centennial (1962), the centennials of numerous Confederate attempts to swing the West away from the Union (1960-65), the centennials of the Goodnight-Loving and Chisholm Trails' first drives (1966-67). The story of the American West is not a twenty-five-year incident of cattle drives between Texas and Dodge City. The conquest of the American West began on Florida and Mexico beachheads in 1521 and lustily continues today. The West, in reality, is almost as wide as the continent; in 1785, Schenectady, New York, had been "the frontier outpost of the West" for 150 years.

This is the way of a bold, big future for the Western novel in America.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 834

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 834 will be found in the next issue.

TCNLO CAN FXXTN LBP

FDKN CAN FDHONCT

DB LOQT.

—EXAB SLR.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 833

A wise man knows everything; a shrewd one, everybody.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Ladies Depart

Continued from page 26

something of the American totality before their departure. Accordingly, they arranged for the entire group to meet in San Francisco and then see America by chartered bus en route back to New York, preparatory to emplaning for Europe.

Out of the dozens of incidents on the journey across America, one in particular might be mentioned here. When the bus stopped at a little Nevada town called Las Vegas, the Ladies were dazzled by the bright lights and wide-open gambling casinos in the hotel lobbies. They stood at a respectful distance and observed the busy slot machines and gambling tables. Then, Maria Kusmierczuk stepped forward, inserted a nickel in the cheapest machine, pulled the crank, and watched the whirling discs intently. Suddenly, the machine began to emit loud, clanking, shattering noises.

"I better get out of here fast; I've broken the machine," the startled Maria exclaimed. The machine wasn't broken, just busted. Maria had hit the jackpot. "Americans are so sweet to us," she said.

Apart from observing the scenic wonders of America the Ladies had a chance to meet Americans at work and at play in small towns and large cities. "How I would like to give each of these people as much as they have given us," Joanna Szydlowska told Alexander Janta, with whom she stayed in New York.

When the chartered bus arrived in Washington, the Ladies discovered that they had become front-page news, along with the Geneva conferences on Berlin and nuclear armaments. The reporters from the Washington newspapers were especially interested in the question of pensions and compensation from Germany. So were a large number of Senators and Representatives. Senator Jacob Javits, of New York, was host to the Ladies at a special lunch in the Senate dining room. Toastmaster of the occasion was Congressman Thaddeus M. Machrowicz, from Michigan, who has been close to the project since its inception. Among those who paid their respects to the Ladies at lunch were Senators Javits and Kenneth B. Keating of New York and Senator Edmund S. Muskie, of Maine. Members of the House who joined in the luncheon tribute were Congressmen John D. Dingell (Michigan); Clement J. Zablocki (Wisconsin); Emanuel Celler, Herbert Zelenko, Thaddeus J. Dulski (New York), and John Lesinski (Michigan).

After lunch, the Ladies visited the gallery of the Senate and observed the lawmakers in action. Then they gasped with delight when Senator Frank Carlson, of Kansas, a friend of the project from the start, called the attention of the Senate to their presence. He spoke of their background, then told the Senate the accounts of World War II "have never been squared."

"No amount of money can ever compensate these women for their suffering," he said, "but the Ladies have yet to receive any pension or compensation from the German Government. Other concentration camp victims have received payment, so there is no question of a precedent."

Then Senator Mike Mansfield, of Montana, reminded the Senate that "some things should never be forgotten"—especially the kind of evil that produced the abominations known by these women.

SENATOR Muskie was recognized and spoke of his own Polish ancestry. His father had come to the United States to escape tyranny. Against this background, the Ravensbrueck Lapins project had special meaning for him.

"All America," he said, "has been touched by the story of the Ladies." Senator Muskie also called attention to the role of Pan American World Airways in providing round-trip transportation for the Ladies and thus making the project possible.

Then Senator Javits spoke. He recognized that the problem of pensions and compensation was not uncomplicated and said he did not question the good faith of the German Government in attempting to clear away the obstacles.

He added that he would do his utmost to help remove such obstacles—and he was certain he spoke for many other members of Congress—so that "elementary justice" could be done.

Senator Richard Neuberger, of Oregon, said he believed it significant that on the very day the Senate was honoring the Polish Ladies it should also be considering legislation to use American funds for furthering medical research all over the world "so that precisely some of the agony which our guests from Poland suffered might somehow, through new medical techniques, be alleviated."

The next Senator to take the floor was Thomas J. Dodd, of Connecticut.

"It ought to be said as a matter of record," he pointed out, "that these dreadful experiments were carried out. The defendants in the dock at Nuremberg never denied that these evil things were done. The physicians confessed to their crimes. I can say that the record is completely truthful."

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The final two speakers were Senator Pat McNamara of Michigan, and Senator Eugene J. McCarthy of Minnesota. They joined in the tribute and said it would be a mistake to believe that the world was forever safe from further eruptions of the extreme evil that had taken place at Ravensbrueck.

In all, eight Senators had taken the floor to pay their respects to the Polish Ladies. When the Ladies left the Capitol building, one of them said that they had never before felt so confident of their cause.

Next stop was the White House, where the Ladies were received by Homer H. Gruenther, acting for Mrs. Eisenhower, and where Joanna Szydlowska presented a special ring that she had made for the First Lady.

The final event in Washington was a reception at the Polish Embassy, where the girls met Ambassador Romuald Spasowski, a number of members of Congress, representatives from the State Department, Washington officials of Pan American World Airways, and several journalists, among them Mr. Walter Lippmann.

From Washington, the Ladies went to New York for the final two weeks of their journey to America.

In addition to the young lady who married, four members of the group are staying behind in the United States. Maria Kusmierczuk is completing her study of radioactive isotopes at Mt. Sinai in New York; Stanislawa Osiczko requires further dental work; Irene Backiel is remaining at the National Jewish Hospital in Denver for medical treatment; and Maria Jablonowska is involved in a training program in chicken farming.

WHEN, on June 8, the Ladies take off on a Pan American Airways flight from New York on the first leg of their flight to Warsaw, they will have completed the main part of the project that brought them here. But one big job remains: the matter of proper recognition of their claims by the Federal Government of Germany.

As this is written, good news comes to hand. A letter has just arrived from the German Embassy that indicates that some of the obstacles are being removed. Enclosed with the letter is a check for $27,000 to be applied to the medical costs of the Ladies while in the United States. Even more important is a statement in the letter to the effect that the German Government is now "thoroughly and urgently examining possibilities for further relief." If this means that the Ravensbrueck Ladies may receive adequate pensions and compensation, then the prospect is a happy one indeed.

—N. C.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

New Orleans Out of Doors

By FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

At a street corner in the heart of the uptown section, the men were standing around and talking. Some of them smoked cigarettes, some held bottles of Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola, others were licking foam off the tops of bottles of Jax and Regal and Falstaff beer. It was hot, a Sunday late in June, and the wooden canopy of the corner bar was throwing pleasant shade. On a bench fixed to round, red-painted uprights of the canopy, older men were chatting, smoking, drinking. Children were running up and down the street, darting across the intersection at First and Danneel, and colliding with legs everywhere.

There was little traffic going through; looking down the poorly paved streets, one could see the spire of one grayed and proud cathedral, and the twin turrets of a smaller, wooden church; towering over and beyond and far away, the clumsy, bridal-cake tops of hotels and department stores, and flat, contemporary walls of the middling-sized skyscrapers of commercial New Orleans.

It was the sort of thing one could have come upon in a poor quarter of Paris, on the day of a neighborhood *fête*. There would have been the same air of excitement, coupled with the same feeling of neighborhood insularity of the quarter itself. It comes when people have lived in a city for generations, and know how to turn their backs on the sights and marvels and wonders and all-importance of the tourist's *ville lumière*, and to live — simply live—on a sunny Sunday afternoon, forgetting about the work of the week past or to come, and to sit in the sun, watch local goings-on, and let the rest of it go hang.

Under the canopy, the heavy, round, polished brass-and-nickel mouth of the sousaphone shone dully; when its owner moved for a moment, stepping back over the curb and into the street to let someone pass through the thickening group assembled in the shade, the lip's edges caught the sun. This threw back moving shafts of warm, yellow brightness into the shadow—shafts that swept for an instant over the wall, beneath the canopy, across faces.

Directly across First Street from the bar, hordes of excited angels were fluttering; pupils of a Sunday school, attended by white-robed, white-capped matrons, were being compressed into a double line. The girls were a dazzling, floating cloud of white organdy, surmounted by dark heads and topped with whipped-cream bows of blue, green, pink, and white; the boys were sky-blue, with cloud-white shoes. Their leader set up a standard and unfurled its cloth. It was deep purple with long, white streamers, and gold letters sewn across: "BANNER OF ISRAELITE B. C. SUNDAY SCHOOL CONG."

Eureka Band—"it was hot . . . a Sunday late in June." (Author's photograph from a forthcoming Rutgers University Press book.)

The Eureka bandsmen began to move out from beneath the canopy, their bottles left behind, but still dragging on last-minute cigarettes. They took up positions in the middle of First Street. The lead row established itself, from left to right, with trombonists Sonny Henry and Albert Warner; sousaphone player Red Clarke at their left; the two saxophones, Manuel Paul, tenor, and Ruben Roddy, came next; Alfred Williams, snare, and Robert Son Fewclothes Lewis, bass drum, formed a third row; the three trumpeters, Percy Humphrey, Kid Sheik Color, and Willie Pajeaud, brought up the rear. Two marshals with one sabre between them stood ready at the intersection; one was all in black, with white gloves, while the other wore plum trousers, pale green shirt, black bow tie, and white panama hat. They began to wave back the crowd of youngsters and onlookers that wanted to get in the way.

At a sign from the plum-trousered marshal, Humphrey, the leader, sounded the call. Then the big, froggy baroum! of the bass drum picked up the beat, and the parade was on its way. They swung right from the intersection, going southwest along Danneel toward Washington Avenue. Somehow, a car sneaked through and held up the musicians for a few moments, and the Sunday school contingent, which had started off with a bang and a leap at the trumpet's first call, had squeezed on ahead. All this was straightened out after a short pause in front of the Ebbis Field Restaurant and Bar, corner of Second and Danneel. When everyone got going again, the Sunday school class was joined by a group of mourners—ladies in dark skirts, men in dark trousers—that had not quite made the first call to order. As the parade continued its way along Danneel, now complete, it strung out in orderly fashion—the two marshals, brandishing and passing back and forth their sabre of authority with its blade front, followed by the Eureka, which was followed by the Sunday school, with mourners bringing up the rear. They were marching straight into the early afternoon sun, with each person's shadow a blob beneath and behind, except for the shadows of trombones, which fell far enough ahead to cast separate strips that danced before their owners.

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The marching was quite sedate, and the men kept to good formation. In the confusion which had attended lining up, only the drums had sounded —a slow, steady march tempo that had pulled everyone into step. Now, somewhere between Second and Third streets, the band slid into its first performance. The drums dragged the tempo until it was agonizing to follow. Then Pajeaud whispered his trumpet into the sombre, leaden sweetness of the dirge, "Just a Closer Walk with Thee."

Other members of the band were swept along with him, singing and pleading. The long, sad tones found echoes all along the street—harsh echoes that came back from the low, flat, weathered sides of dingy homes; softer echoes damped by scattered patches of yard gardens that bloomed with red and yellow roses. They were still playing as they rounded the corner at Washington Avenue, turning right. The traffic was heavier here, and the marshals's sabre glistened as it waved aside cars. It was a thoroughfare, with spreading shade trees at pleasant intervals.

The dirge had come to a close, but the heavy thud of the bass and the light tattling of the snare carried forward. There was a pause; cars rolled by. Again, the trumpet sounded a call, and the Eureka strode into its theme, "Just a Little While to Stay Here."

Lafayette No. 2 was coming up, a cemetery that was "new" in 1885, but now houses its full quota of residents sleeping, peacefully it is hoped, in even rows of stone-slab ovens surmounted by crosses. Grass, newly mown, grew up to foundations of the white ovens, and flowers bloomed in urns placed along cement walks. An American flag hung high and still at top of a pole at the Washington Avenue entrance; on the Sixth Street side, a large, red-brick power plant and stack rose three stories over the highest cross on the highest monument. Looking neither to right nor left, members of the Eureka marched by, as the opposite sidewalk was swept over by parasols that had begun to leap turn, and whirl.

At La Salle, they waited for the red light. Traffic was heavy here, shuttling in from the north and west, headed for Union Station and downtown. The marshals's sabre and white gloves were kept moving as they shunted lines of cars to the uptown side of the street. The Sunday school matrons bustled along the row of their charges, keeping it well in out of the way of impatient autos. The mourners kept to themselves.

The tradition of marching is wilting, along with its skilled practitioners. Traffic congestion in present-day New Orleans is a deterrent; but the hardest blow to the whole ceremonial of putting a man to rest with a band of music came from an unexpected source. The big, new, flashy hearse in favor with burial businessmen of New Orleans today is a powerful affair. Like its fatuous little brother, the hyped-up passenger car, it can't go slow. Driven at the pace of marching bandsmen, it wears out its gears. This has made undertakers impatient with the leisurely pomp of the old-style funeral. They fidget; their gears are grinding, and if it weren't for the music, they could bury two in the time it takes for one. A really progressive undertaker can hardly be expected to bear the loss.

Mayor de Lesseps Morrison came to the rescue. "There must be music," he told his citizens. "There must be funeral parades as long as there's a New Orleans." The men of the Eureka took heart and began to march again. A compromise was effected; the undertaker delivers the body to the church, and the parade is held without corpus.

Along Simon Bolivar, the Eureka was on its way to the church—a twin-turret, white-stucco building somewhere on South Rampart Street. At the St. Andrew Street intersection, they came abreast of Pastor's, a corner grocery with beer and pop and ice cream inside. There was a long break while Pastor's did a carnival business.

Then the call to attention sounded once more, the Sunday school marchers reassembled, and the parade continued. The bandsmen struck up with a "Panama" that sounded as if they were blowing with the hearts and lungs of the second line—as if "Panama" would last as long as there was a New Orleans.

At South Rampart, the Eureka brought its "Panama" to a stop as the white turrets appeared. Approaching the church, the men slowed to a dirge that took them to its portals. There, they stood in formation and continued to play. Passers-by could hear the music, look in, and see a coffin set in tiers of flowers. The class marched into church, the mourners followed, and a choir began to sing.

THIS writer's excuse for recalling the outdoor marchings and celebrations of one particular day in New Orleans (when he should have been indoors listening to records) is that a tantalizing number of recordings have been issued subsequent to that day which have brought it back again. Of special pertinence is the Folkways series, "The Music of New Orleans," that is now three-fifths of the way toward completion.

The three initial volumes (Folkways FA 2461, 2462, 2463, $5.95 each) are subtitled "Music of the Streets and Music of Mardi Gras" (Volume One), "Music of the Eureka Brass Band" (Volume Two), and "Music of the Dance Halls" (Three). To the best of our knowledge, these represent the first comprehensive attempt undertaken by anyone to grasp, with on-and-off-the-street, indoors-and-outdoors recordings, the musical feel of a city.

The compiler of the series, Samuel B. Charters, who is also author of an informative directory of New Orleans musicians, lived long enough in New Orleans before he began the project. His reasons for selecting New Orleans had by that time become self-evident; New Orleans, indoors and outdoors (but principally outdoors, for its climate is semi-tropic), has encouraged both formal and informal musical performances ever since its beginnings as Franco-Hispano outpost in the New World. It also has been mentioned in connection with jazz.

This is not, however, a series that concerns itself exclusively with jazz, or the many cluster-musics associated with jazz, although all are present to some degree. It collates, and presents in orderly fashion, the music of street cries, the music of street musicians and singers (a neglected strain that finds a deserved place in Volume One), the music of wandering evangelists, the music of the Eureka Brass Band, and the music of shining shoes.

On hearing "Music of the Dance Halls," one is tempted to speculate that it was inter-action between two kinds of music: 1) the rough, ragged, and occasionally spirited music from the halls; and 2) the polished, orderly, and disciplined performances of the marching brass bands, that gave jazz the momentum, in the nineteen twenties, to put New Orleans behind itself. The flowering may have occurred when some of New Orleans's best talents left there, then reformed elsewhere.

The Eureka, however, remains as a still-valid grouping of talented (although admittedly, older) men who have kept to a music that is neither jazz nor marching brass. The Eureka's special brand of fire derives from its willingness to tackle a few items from

(*Continued on page* 55)

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Catfish Row and Wilshire

AS THE heading above indicates, the long-lived Porgy of DuBose Heyward's novel, DuBose and Dorothy Heyward's play, DuBose and Dorothy Heyward, Ira and George Gershwin's "folk opera," and the screen story of N. Richard Nash has a new address. From South Carolina to California is much less of a jump than it used to be, but now that Porgy has been to Moscow, he can endure anything, including the long-discussed, oft-rejected, finally consummated exposure to the cameras.

The Todd-AO, Technicolor, Samuel Goldwyn "motion-picture production" of "Porgy and Bess" is yet to be shown on a local screen, but the samples of the sound track contained on Columbia OS 2016 ($5.98) suggest that it is not merely spectacular and impressive, but made with a good deal of heart-felt concern for the enduring values of Gershwin's unique score. Primary credit for this warming accomplishment would seem to be the privilege of André Previn, who has not only "supervised and conducted" the score, as the credit line reads, but done more than a little to make the orchestration more phonogenic than it has sounded in any previous recording.

If this involves some liberties, in beefing up the brass parts and solidifying the strings for purposes of the sound stage, Previn has rarely indulged in unreasonable license. The opening amounts to more of an "overture" than anything Gershwin provided (the opening piano-in-the-dark does not appear on the disc), with a liberal plug for "Bess You Is My Woman Now," but almost everything that follows can be found in the score. I profess to no previous acquaintance with one choral section from Act II entitled "I Ain't Got No Shame" (likewise an orchestral interlude before "I Loves You Porgy") and I miss the "Buzzard Song," but a good deal of discrimination has been exercised in the choice of singers to voice the music. For purposes of this disc, Sidney Poitier and Dorothy Dandridge, the Porgy and Bess of the film, are nonexistent, their places taken by Robert McFerrin, the first Negro male to sing at the Metropolitan, and Adele Addison, who is celebrated for her many appearances with symphony orchestras. Both are in the best tradition of their predecessor "teams" (Todd Duncan and Anne Brown, Lawrence Winters and Camilla Williams, William Warfield and Leontyne Price), likewise J. N. Price (no kin to Leontyne), who sings a delightful "Summertime," Inez Matthews, who shines in "My Man's Gone Now," Helen Thigpen (Strawberry Woman) and Leslie Scott (Mingo). The screen performers who also sing are Pearl Bailey, who performs "I Can't Sit Down" in what may be termed a light baritone, and Brock Peters, whose wide ranging low sound makes a fine effect in the music of Crown. Sammy Davis, Jr., being unavailable for Columbia's disc, has been replaced with the mannered Sportin' Life of Cab Calloway.

However, for home entertainment purposes, the big blown-up sound appropriate for theatres impresses me as much too massive and dehumanized. Give it the run of the house and it makes a really anti-social rumpus: turn it down for the usable volume desirable, and it loses definition. Columbia's technical staff has done a brilliant feat of adapting the original twelve channels to the stereo technic, but what they had to work with strikes me as too much designed for its own specific purpose to serve a secondary one really well.

DOUBTLESS there will be much more to be said of the adaptation to the screen when the total product is available (Columbia's excerpts cover perhaps a third of the whole), but it is evident that the original script has suffered some alterations in its latest transformation. "Nigger" is excluded, as it was from Columbia's recording of 1949, but "sugar candy" is now being heard instead of "got de licker handy" in "I Can't Sit Down," and "goddam fool" has been downgraded to "lousy fool" at the end of "Red Headed Woman." On the other hand, "what the hell" in "I Got Plenty of Nuttin'" remains "what the hell."

Even as a volcano scatters ashes far and wide, so the impetus of the filmed "Porgy and Bess" has resulted in a dozen or more subsidiary recordings. If you fancy the talents of Sammy Davis, Jr., as the authentic Sportin' Life of the film, you can have him singing "It Ain't Necessarily So" on Decca DL 8854—not irresistibly—but you must also take him doing "I Got Plenty of Nuttin'" and "Bess You Is My Woman Now," likewise Carmen McRae on "Summertime."

Similarly, in the RCA disc (LSO 1507, $5.98) presenting the concurrent rather than combined talents of Harry Belafonte and Lena Horne. Here it is Miss Horne who sings "It Ain't Necessarily So" and Belafonte who performs the "Street Calls" and "A Woman Is a Sometime Thing." They are heard in simulated duets (by dubbing) on "Bess You Is My Woman Now" and "There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York."

As for the ventures that profess to make "jazz"—whether contemporary or traditional—out of "Porgy" simply because it bears the name of the man who also wrote "I Got Rhythm" and "S'Wonderful," most of them are misguided when not inept. For my taste there is a logic and completeness (musically speaking) in "Summertime" as Gershwin wrote it, which is not amenable to improvement via a honking baritone sax or free variations on a tuba. For all I know, Gershwin himself might have enjoyed the brassy embellishment of "Gone Gone Gone" from Miles Davis's trumpet on Columbia CL 1274. I didn't.

HOWEVER, having said so much, I must add that when the talents of Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald are mated with those of the Gershwins and the Heywards, a new compound is created that is merely wonderful. I can't say I found every minute of Verve's two album set (MG VS 6040, $11.96) beyond reproach—Miss Fitzgerald's "jump" tempo for "What You Want wid Bess" is oddly untasteful for her—but when she is caressing "Summertime" and he is trumpeting behind her, or when they are collaborating on "I Got Plenty of Nuttin'," or he is counterpointing "A Woman Is a Sometime Thing" with phrases that give it a startling likeness to "St. James Infirmary," then you have a ready realization of what a Porgy and Bess they might have been, given the necessary vocal range and techniques.

They do, nevertheless, quite all right with their own special ones with the kind of fervor that Miss Fitzgerald brings to the "Buzzard Song" and "Oh, Doctor Jesus," or the jubilating thing that Armstrong makes of "There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York." This goes on for nearly five minutes through half a dozen choruses, vocal and instrumental, reminding us that when it comes to improvising in a rising pattern of excitement, the master is still a craftsman beyond compare. Russell Garcia's arrangements are of the first order, the total sound highly satisfying.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Doyen of Donaueschingen

By EVERETT HELM

WITH the sudden death of Prinz Max Egon zu Fürstenberg, the musical world has suffered a severe loss. For quite apart from the importance of this remarkable figure in the fields of industry and finance, he was an active and generous patron of music, whose name is associated inseparably with one of the leading European music festivals —namely, the Donaueschingen Festival of Contemporary Music.

Prinz Max Egon's participation in the musical life of his times dates from 1913, when his father founded the "Society of the Friends of Music," the organization that still sponsors the annual festival. At that time, the Society was dedicated principally to the performance of old music, especially of works preserved in the extensive archives of the Hofbibliothek in Donaueschingen Castle, the German seat of the Fürstenberg family. In 1920, his father, noting young Max Egon's interest in literature, art and music, turned over to him the direction of the Fürstenberg Institute of Art and Science. The immediate result was a shift in interest from old to new music. In 1921, under the protectorate of Max Egon, the Donaueschingen Society of the Friends of Music gave the first of the contemporary music festivals which were to play such an important role in the 1920s.

The early festivals were devoted to chamber music, and from the beginning they displayed a strong tendency in the direction of "radical" styles. The first festival, consisting of three programs, included works by Alban Berg, Paul Hindemith, Alois Hába (the Czech exponent of quarter-tone composition) and Ernst Krenek. In the following years, many works by such "modernists" as Schönberg, Webern, Malipiero and Bartók received their first performances in Donaueschingen or in Baden-Baden, to which nearby town the festival moved in 1927 in order to accommodate the ever-increasing number of participants and visitors.

During the six years in which the festival took place in Donaueschingen, the participating composers and musicians were housed in Fürstenberg Castle—a splendid edifice surrounded by a huge park, in the confines of which the "mighty" Danube has its source (there it is only a trickle). In

The castle garden at Donaueschingen.

his essay "Looking Backward," Edward Dent expresses the opinion that Prinz Max Egon himself couldn't make much of the "new music" but that he nevertheless supported it with "princely generosity." However this may be, the enterprise flourished; as early as 1924 over 500 manuscripts were submitted for consideration in that year's festival. It served as an example, moreover, for similar festivals that sprang up in the 1920s to promote the cause of new music. Among these was the famous Salzburg Festival of 1922, the success of which led to the founding of the International Society for Contemporary Music.

"Mission temporarily accomplished," the Donaueschingen Festival ceased to figure in the early 1930s, and with the advent of Hitler became completely unthinkable. Shortly after the end of World War II, the Donaueschingen Society of the Friends of Music was reconstituted, again under the patronage of Prinz Max Egon and with Max Rieple as president.

In 1950, the first postwar festival was given. In keeping with the changing times, a new arrangement was found that has proved to be ideal: the music department of the Southwest Radio (Baden-Baden) supplies the programs; the Society of the Friends of Music takes care of the many organizational details; and the whole is under the protectorate of the House of Fürstenberg. This *ménage à trois* has given birth to the nine postwar festivals to date, which have maintained (with a vengeance!) the early tradition of presenting "advanced" music by such *avant garde* composers as Boulez, Nono, Berio and Stockhausen.

To these festivals the omnipresent figure of Prinz Max Egon has lent a very special note. He took the visiting composers and performers under his wing, attended many rehearsals and never missed a concert. The annual receptions he gave in his castle have become proverbial. Here he greeted each of the many invited (and uninvited) guests at the entrance of the enormous salon, and after they had assembled he made a short speech of welcome, standing on a chair so that he could be seen and heard by the crowd and beaming hospitality. These short speeches were full of wit and humor, but they revealed clearly his genuine interest and concern for the cause of modern music.

After the guests had gone in to the "little buffet" (read "groaning boards") Prinz Max Egon mingled with them freely, stopping to chat with one or another, before passing on to the next. My first conversation with him took place during one of the earliest festivals; he enquired where I was from, what I did, and how I liked Donaueschingen, putting me at my complete ease within thirty seconds. As the conversation turned to America, I discovered that his knowledge of the land and its culture was astonishingly broad and accurate.

Last year's reception would have gone down in history, even if it had not been the last at which Prinz Max Egon was to play so expertly the role of jovial host. None of us suspected that this would be our last meeting, as he beamed and gave his blessing to the continuation of festivities. He was a seemingly hale and hearty sixty-three when he died of a heart attack in April of this year. The world of music owes him a large debt of gratitude for his generous interest in and support of the music of his time.

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JAZZ/HI-FI NOTES

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THE AMEN CORNER

Orbs Within Orbs

IT HAS just occurred to me that this year is my fortieth anniversary in connection with jazz music. The passing of the years has brought so much pleasure that the melancholy is somewhat in abeyance. I will own, however, to a tinge of blue. I first saw the word "jazz"—it was spelled "jass"—on the label of a phonograph record in a second-floor used-record shop on Tompkins Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y., in the year 1919. It was a copy of "Livery Stable Blues" by the Original Dixieland Jass Band, which, as it happened, was the first jazz record ever issued (1917), and I took it home for the full revelation.

I would like to point out that twenty years later, in the midst of the big-band "swing-music" period, there was a lively revival of small-band Dixieland music under way. And that twenty years after *that*—in other words, at this moment—there is a good deal of talk and some action in the recording studios toward a revival of the "swing-band" styles of two decades ago. Jazz history, in short, is old enough to have become cyclical.

Its Spenglers and Toynbees may arise. I don't wish to assume such august robes, but I will offer a few personal opinions on jazz revivalism to date. Dixieland, of course, is still very much with us, and when it is played with the classic purity and fire (not to mention the fun) of Bob Scobey's band, for example, it is an intoxicating kind of polyphony. I am a good deal less happy about the possibilities of "swing-band" resuscitation. For these ears, most of the famous works of Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Glenn Miller and company do not age well. The brass and reed section patterns have come to seem mechanical and hackneyed; the ballad playing is much too bland for comfort, and the hotter numbers are apt to sound rather frantic. I would far rather hear any relaxed five-piece Dixieland combination. But I will make at least one exception, and that is any close approach to what I have regarded as the finest "swing band" of them all: the early Count Basie orchestra. This group combined big-band virtues of texture and power with small-band lightness and flexibility. The later Basie bands have developed overwhelming rhythmic impact, but there is little of the buoyancy that used to capture us in the Famous Door in 1936.

The pianist, Nat Pierce, has recently been active in the early-Basie tradition, usually with some of the early-Basie men, and he has made delectable records. He appears again under the leadership of the middle-Basie saxophonist Paul Quinichette in an album "Like Basie," with early and recent Basie men: Harry Edison, Snooky Young, Dick Vance and Shad Collins, trumpets; Al Grey, trombone; Freddie Green, guitar; Eddie Jones, bass; and Jo Jones, drums. The mixture of vintages is highly potable (United Artists UAL 4024).

Any large-scale big-band revivalism would depend on factors of economics and public taste, which are of doubtful development. I have a suspicion that the demand for a "swing" renaissance is sporadic at best and comes largely from people in their forties with a nostalgia for their dancing twenties. Meanwhile, we keep getting elegant new expressions in the small-band vein. I cite two recent albums. "Benny Golson and the Philadelphians" (United Artists UAL 4020) are a quintet of the most delicate authority, with Golson, tenor sax; Lee Morgan, trumpet (superb in the mute); Ray Bryant, piano; Percy Heath, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums. The varied program of modern jazz compositions includes Golson's well-known "Stablemates" and his "Thursday's Theme," as well as John Lewis's "Afternoon in Paris." Here, it seems to me, the whole jazz tradition has led to an admirable blend of freedom and control, instinct and sophistication. This is a jazz band; it is also a lapidary group of musicians.

The album "Chet" consists of instrumental ballad playing by Chet Baker, trumpet; Herbie Mann, flute; Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Bill Evans, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; and Connie Kay or Philly Joe Jones, drums (Riverside RLP 12-299). The numbers (including "It Never Entered My Mind," "September Song," and "Time on My Hands") are nocturnes in which the modern jazz idiom serves the spirit and letter of the tunes. Chet Baker offers beautiful melodic playing and improvising and the air around him is full of nuances (I will single out Burrell's iridescent guitar).

—WILDER HOBSON.

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New Orleans

Continued from page 51

the earlier jazz repertoire, and to bring them off spiritedly, although not as indoor, or dance hall, music. The "Panama," recorded by Samuel Charters at a rehearsal session of the Eureka and included as one of six selections heard in Volume Three of "The Music of New Orleans," provides an excellent sampling of this.

The other vein that gives interest and validity to music played by the Eureka is one that has been displayed throughout its long career as a tight-knit musical organization; a supreme sensitivity and competence in handling of the slow dirges, marches, and religious musics that are a part of wide-spread southern (as opposed to the pinpoint of New Orleans) musical heritage. "Just a Little While to Stay Here," "Lord, Lord, Lord," and "Eternity," all from the same volume, are moving and splendid in sonority and control.

"JAZZ BEGINS" (Atlantic Stereo 1297, $5.98), subtitled "Sounds of New Orleans Streets: Funeral and Parade Music by the Young Tuxedo Brass Band," brings another marching group before the microphones, this time the two of stereo. For the first time, a New Orleans band has been given an engineering job worthy of its musical potentialities. This one was taken out of doors, which the writer feels is essential for grasping its instrumental complexities; and it was taken at sessions informal enough to encourage the joining in, at appropriate moments, of an enthusiastic group of singers, shouters and dancers.

The personnel of the Young Tuxedo varies from time to time (it has in the past called on members of the Eureka for some of its marches), and for this session, it was augmented. Selections played occur in the order of a funeral procession: dirges and hymns on the way out, dance tunes on the way back. "Lead Me Saviour," "Eternal Peace," and a medley of hymns comprise the first part; the second includes, among others, "Bourbon Street Parade," a composition by the drummer Paul Barbarin; "Panama," "It Feels So Good," "Joe Avery's Piece," and John Casimir's "Clarinet Whoopin' Blues." Casimir is clarinetist and leader of the band. Other soloists heard are Jim Robinson, trombone, and Wilbert Tillman, sousaphone. Altogether, it is a stunning evocation of New Orleans out of doors. *(This article has been condensed from a chapter of a forthcoming book.)*

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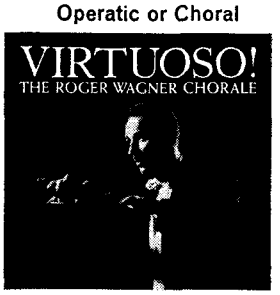

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Oscar Wilde

Continued from page 12

warden was a charming man. Oh, remarkable! Very friendly with me... and you can't imagine how much good it did me in prison to have 'Salome' played in Paris, just at that time. Here, they had completely forgotten that I was a writer! When they saw that my play had some success in Paris, they said to themselves: 'Well, that's strange! So he has talent!' And from that moment on they let me read all the books I wanted.

"I thought first that Greek literature would please me most. I asked for Sophocles, but I could take no interest in him. Then I tried the Church Fathers, but they did not interest me either. And suddenly I thought of Dante. . . . Oh, Dante! I read Dante every day . . . in Italian, and I read him entire, but neither 'Purgatorio' nor 'Paradiso' seemed written for me. It was his 'Inferno' which held me; and why not? Don't you understand? Hell is where we were. Hell was prison . . ."

That same evening he told me of his plan for a play about Pharaoh and an ingenious fable concerning Judas.

NEXT day he led me to a charming little house, two hundred yards from the hotel, which he had rented and had begun to furnish. There he planned to write his plays: his "Pharaoh" first, then an "Ahab and Jezebel" (he pronounced it "Isabelle") which he told marvelously well.

The carriage that was taking me away was hitched up. Wilde got in with me, to accompany me for a space. He talked again of my book, praised it, but with a reticence I could sense. Finally the carriage came to a halt. He said good-bye, was about to get out, then said suddenly: "Listen, André, now you must promise me something. 'Fruits of the Earth' is fine . . . fine . . . but, André, promise me: never write 'I' again."

And as I did not seem to comprehend, he continued: "In art, you see, there is no *first* person."

Upon my return to Paris, I went to give news of Wilde to Lord Alfred Douglas. He said to me:

"But that is completely ridiculous. Wilde is totally unable to stand boredom. I know that very well: he writes to me every day, and I, too, am of the opinion that he must first finish his play; but, then, he will come back to me; he has never done anything good in solitude; he needs to be amused constantly. He has written his best things when he was with me. Besides, here is his last letter." Lord Alfred showed it to me and read it aloud. It begged Bosy to let him complete his "Pharaoh" undisturbed, but said, in fact, that once the play was written he would return, would be with him again, and ended with this glorious phrase: "... and then I shall again be the *King of Life*."

SHORTLY thereafter Wilde returned to Paris.[2] His play was not written; it was never to be written. Society knows very well how to go about suppressing a man and has methods more subtle than death. Wilde had suffered too much for two years and in too passive a manner. His will had been broken. During the first months, he could still delude himself, but he soon surrendered. It was a kind of abdication. Nothing remained in his shattered life but a painful echo of what he had once been; a momentary need to prove that he had not ceased to think; there was wit, but it was far-fetched, uneasy, tarnished. I saw him only twice more.

One evening on the boulevards where I was walking with G. I heard someone call my name. I turned around; it was Wilde. How he had changed! "If I reappear before having written my play, the world will see in me only the convict," he had said to me. He had reappeared without his play and, as some doors were closed to him, he no longer sought to enter anywhere; he roamed the streets. Friends on several occasions attempted to save him; they tried all sort of things; they took him to Italy; Wilde would soon break away, would fall back. Among those who had remained longest faithful, some had repeated so often to me that one could no longer be seen with Wilde that I was somewhat embarrassed, I confess, to see him again, and in a place where so many might pass. Wilde was seated on the terrace of a café. He ordered cocktails for G. and for me. I was about to sit down facing him, so that my back was turned to the passers-by, but Wilde, hurt by this gesture which he thought was inspired by an absurd sense of shame (he was not, alas, completely mistaken) said, pointing to a chair beside him: "Oh, sit down there, beside me. I am so alone now."

Wilde was still well dressed; but his hat no longer shone; his collar still had the same form, but was no longer so clean; the sleeves of his frock-coat were somewhat frayed.

"When, formerly, I would come across Verlaine, I did not blush to be seen with him," he went on, with an effort at pride. "I was rich, gay,

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famous, but I felt that to be seen with Verlaine honored me, even when he was drunk." Then, afraid of embarrassing G. I think, he suddenly changed tone, tried to be witty, tried to joke, then became gloomy. My memory of this is excruciatingly painful. Finally G. and I got up. Wilde insisted on paying for the drinks. I was about to take leave of him when he took me aside and, embarrassed, said in a low voice: "Listen, I must tell you . . . I am absolutely without resources."

* * *

A few days later, for the last time, I saw him again. I shall report only one word of our conversation. He had told me of his straits, of the impossibility of continuing, of even beginning any work. Sadly I reminded him of his pledge to return to Paris only when he had completed a play.

"Ah," I began, "why did you leave Berneval so soon, where you had resolved to stay so long? I cannot say that I reproach you for it, but . . ."

He broke in, placed his hand on mine, and with a look of profound suffering, said to me: "You must not reproach a man who has been struck down."

* * *

Oscar Wilde died in a wretched little hotel on the Rue des Beaux-Arts. Seven people followed the body, and they did not all continue to the end. On his bier, some flowers, a few wreaths; one alone, I have been told, bore an inscription: it was from the owner of the hotel and read: TO MY TENANT.

NOTES

1. I have invented nothing, rearranged nothing, in the final words I quote. Wilde's words are present in my mind, I might almost say that they ring in my ears. I do not claim that Wilde saw prison rise up clearly before him; but I maintain that the great reversal that surprised and rocked London, abruptly transforming Wilde from accuser to accused, did not, strictly speaking, cause him any surprise. The newspapers, which insisted on seeing in him a mere buffoon, have distorted as best they could the attitude of his defense, to the point of divesting it of all sense. Perhaps in some distant future, it will be appropriate to raise this abominable trial out of the mud.

2. The representatives of the family assured Wilde of a very good situation if he would agree to certain conditions, among others that of never seeing Lord Alfred again. He could not or would not agree to them.

To Write Was His Life

"So Be It or The Chips Are Down," by André Gide; *translated by Justin O'Brien (Knopf. 166 pp. $3.50), is the final chapter of the author's "confessions," in which he reflects upon the truth about himself and the world as he perceived it. Author, critic, and translator Wallace Fowlie is the editor of "The Cocteau Journals."*

By Wallace Fowlie

THE long "Journal" of Gide was completed in 1949. Begun in 1889, it records therefore sixty years of the writer's life. But already in 1950, Gide began his final book, in many ways a continuation of his "Journal." The last lines were written on February 13, 1951, six days before he died. It was published in 1952 under the title "Ainsi soit-il ou Les Jeux sont Faits." Professor Justin O'Brien, who is the translator of the four-volume American edition of "The Journals" has now translated the epilogue and provided it with explicit, useful notes and an excellent introduction.

The curious title chosen for these last observations of André Gide is in two parts: "So Be It," which is the familiar formula for the end of a prayer, and "The Chips Are Down," a phrase which usually indicates that the game is about to begin. This double title actually describes the book very well. Gide's life has not been won. Everything is questioned again by him. This is the image of his last thoughts in all of its variety and complexity.

THIS time Gide is convinced he is writing his last book, the final entry in his lifelong confessions, and he makes no attempt to conceal the sadness which this conviction creates. The style is less formal than it has ever been, and he takes the reader into confidence more beguilingly than ever before. "So Be It" is a conversation with the reader. Gide wants to be as sincere and as natural as it is possible for him to be in expressing his thoughts as they flash through his mind. A word, as soon as it is expressed, calls up another. A bold thought or a bold deed, as it is being described, is explored more fully if the boldness does not seem strong enough. The final words are movingly pathetic: "Do I still have something to say? Still something or other to say?" This man who wrote so much throughout his life, who lived in order to justify himself by writing, is unable not to write during the months and even the hours which preceded his death.

The range of topics in "So Be It" is extensive, with little visible order in their arrangement. Gide constantly reminds the reader that his thought is not directed by any plan, that in his hope to reach a real kind of authenticity he is not striving after coherence. He speaks of his worries, his habits, what he eats and what he does not eat. He speaks of his growing predilection for anecdotes and stories, some of which he tells. One of the persistent themes on these pages is a condition from which he is suffering and which he calls "anorexia." He is careful to indicate that anorexia is not a disgust with life itself but the gradual extinction of desires in him.

If anorexia is the absence of desire, it is not despair. Rather it is the consenting of his will to understand without much yearning to understand. This last book, written, so to speak, in the margin of "The Journals," reflects many of the scrupulous hesitations which fill the pages of the more important book. The carefully announced determination to be more explicit, more sincere in the recording of his thoughts, is carried out in only a moderately successful manner. The secret of his contradictions remains, and that very secret constitutes the essential richness of this personality.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Mr. Toots to Florence Dombey in "Dombey and Son" by Dickens. 2. Herr Klesmer to Catherine Arrowpoint in "Daniel Deronda" by George Eliot. 3. Mac to Rose Campbell in "Rose In Bloom" by Louisa May Alcott. 4. Benedick to Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" by Shakespeare. 5. Roderick Dhu to Ellen Douglas in "The Lady of the Lake" by Scott. 6. Lord Warburton to Isabel Archer in "The Portrait of a Lady" by Henry James. 7. Young Locksley to his cousin Amy in "Locksley Hall" by Tennyson. 8. Frederick Wentworth to Anne Elliot in "Persuasion" by Jane Austen. 9. Robin Dale to Anne Fielding in "Peace Breaks Out" by Angela Thirkell. 10. Rochester to Jane in "Jane Eyre" by Charlotte Brontë.

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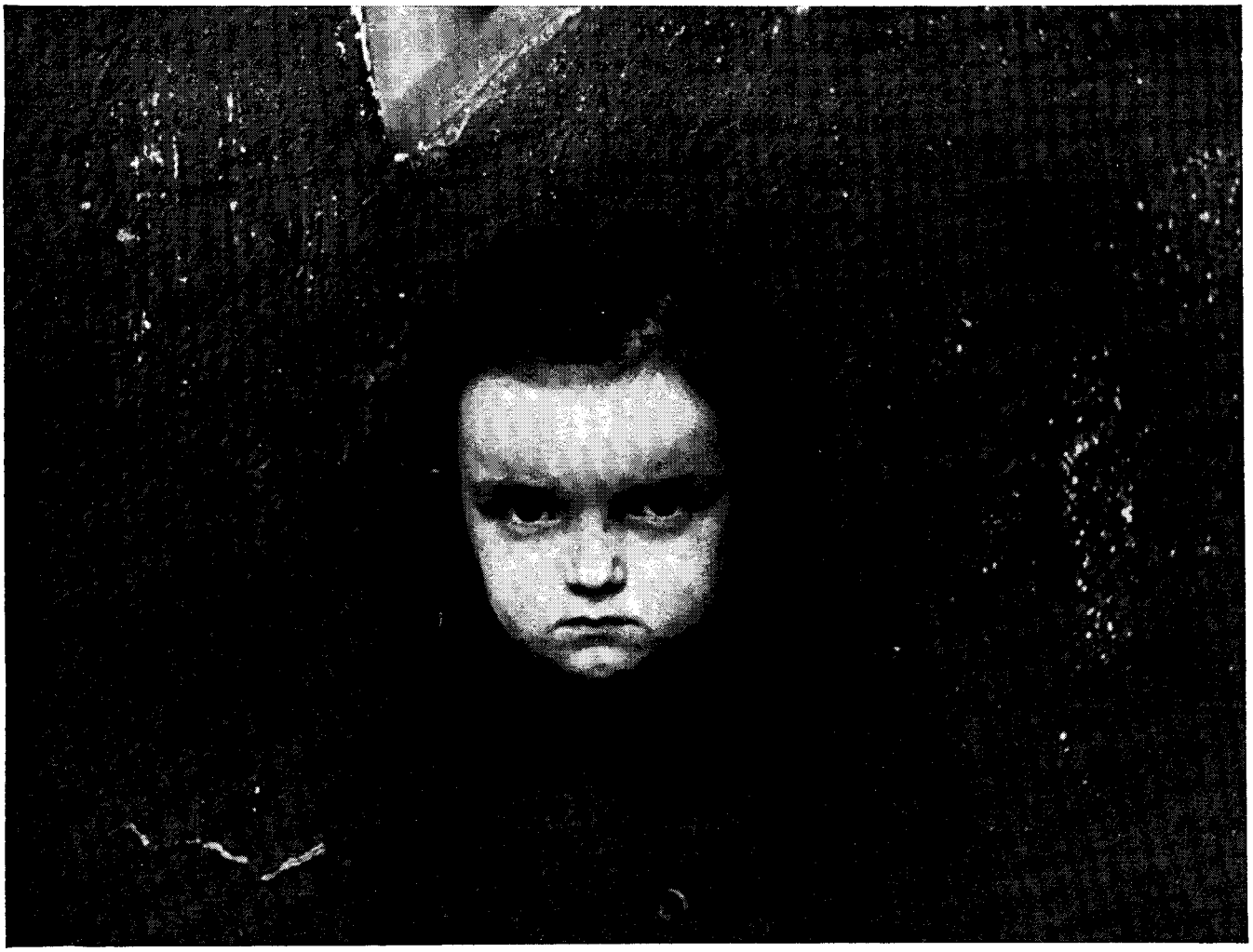

"I wish I was dead!"

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This summer there are hundreds of children still waiting to go to Mont Lawn. Unless we receive immediate help, many of these children will not be able to go. The very tot in the picture is typical of these unfortunates . . . condemned to go on staring hopelessly at a world they have reason to hate, not only throughout the long, hot, weary summer months . . . but perhaps for the rest of their lives! Two weeks at Mont Lawn could make such a world of difference . . . but someone must make it possible.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1316

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Seashore bird common in the tropics, blackish above and white below (2 wds.).	49 103 152 64 9 120 57 62 181
B. Woman singer from Peru, with an extra ordinary range (full name).	99 76 94 132 173 56 202 146
C. Without abbreviation, after "at".	101 124 113 136 189 54
D. Free to move about (said of aquatic organisms).	84 180 98 87 11 100
E. A "big" one carries important product from Texas to New York State.	149 206 162 31
F. Yearly income.	67 86 28 7 112 128 46
G. Suffered.	131 165 167 205 80 10 158
H. Acutely painful.	119 142 169 201 171 137 71 18
I. Portion of food or clothing given to a beggar at one's house door.	89 32 97 166 45 143 107
J. Rating of Swinburne's "poeticule" who snarls and whimpers "beneath the inaccessible vine of song."	30 126 4 195 47
K. Colloq. for safe after hazard (4 wds.).	21 108 42 55 26 179 65 200 104 163 140 188 13
L. Tennyson's "black bat" in "Maud".	151 70 50 129 23
M. The "secret" feature of man's hidden room (Chesterton's "Lepanto").	39 35 81 182 150 1
N. Great U.S. river rising in Colorado, flowing more than 1400 miles to the Mississippi.	63 130 155 122 127 138 116 68
O. Passage in a mine-shaft connecting workings on opposite sides (comp.).	15 164 52 147 36 106 22 157 161
P. Russian lyric poet ("The Volga Boatman," 1824-61).	144 96 92 27 24 183 160
Q. In logic, a syllogism in which one of the premises is not stated, though understood.	61 17 88 133 38 114 194 141 83
R. North-south support of a large cross often placed at entrance of chancel in a church (2 wds.).	66 75 172 34 77 20 48 118
S. Place of security.	109 37 117 79 192 185 40 51 12 170
T. Manner of expression; type of vocabulary.	111 190 78 154 82 43 198 5 196 72 115
U. Not well prepared to meet conditions (comp.).	16 105 199 59 156 93 203 191 175
V. Famous; memorable.	91 6 148 159 44 102 176
W. A Japanese newspaper.	178 69 145 19 14 110 187
X. Every conceivable difficulty, great or small (3 wds.).	33 121 41 193 95 186 135 8 60 2 204 174
Y. Turkish title of respect to a gentleman.	85 73 153 53 184 29 134
Z. Taking effect prior to enactment.	177 3 197 74 25 58 139 123 90 125 168

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 M	2 X	3 Z	4 J	■	5 T	6 V	7 F	8 X	■	9 A	10 G	11 D	12 S	13 K	■	14 W	15 O
16 U	17 Q	18 H	■	19 W	20 R	■	21 K	22 O	23 L	■	24 P	25 Z	■	26 K	27 P	28 F	29 Y
■	30 J	31 E	32 I	33 X	■	34 R	35 M	36 O	37 S	38 Q	■	39 M	40 S	41 X	42 K	43 T	■
44 V	45 I	46 F	■	47 J	48 R	49 A	■	50 L	51 S	52 O	53 Y	■	54 C	55 K	56 B	57 A	■
58 Z	59 U	60 X	61 Q	62 A	■	63 N	■	64 A	65 K	66 R	67 F	68 N	69 W	70 L	71 H	72 T	■
73 Y	74 Z	75 R	76 B	■	77 R	78 T	79 S	80 G	81 M	■	82 T	83 Q	84 D	85 Y	86 F	■	87 D
■	88 Q	89 I	90 Z	91 V	92 P	■	93 U	94 B	95 X	96 P	97 I	98 D	■	99 B	100 D	101 C	102 V
103 A	104 K	■	105 U	106 O	107 I	108 K	109 S	■	110 W	111 T	■	112 F	113 C	■	114 Q	115 T	■
116 N	117 S	118 R	119 H	■	120 A	121 X	122 N	123 Z	■	124 C	125 Z	126 J	127 N	■	128 F	129 L	130 N
131 G	132 B	133 Q	134 Y	135 X	136 C	■	137 H	138 N	■	139 Z	140 K	141 Q	142 H	143 I	144 P	145 W	146 B
147 O	148 V	149 E	150 M	151 L	■	152 A	153 Y	■	154 T	■	155 N	156 U	157 O	158 G	■	159 V	160 P
161 O	■	162 E	163 K	164 O	165 G	166 I	■	167 G	168 Z	169 H	170 S	■	171 H	172 R	■	173 B	174 X
175 U	176 V	177 Z	178 W	179 K	180 D	181 A	182 M	183 P	184 Y	185 S	■	186 X	187 W	188 K	■	189 C	190 T
191 U	192 S	193 X	194 Q	■	195 J	196 T	■	197 Z	198 T	199 U	200 K	201 H	202 B	203 U	204 X	205 G	206 E

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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★ ★ ★

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as a major force in bringing about cooperation among the nation's scientific, educational and civic organizations working in the cause of conservation of soil, water, forests, grasslands and wildlife. By encouraging the scientific management of renewable natural resources, the Council ensures for future generations the continuous use and full enjoyment of our natural heritage.

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